THE SPECTATOR

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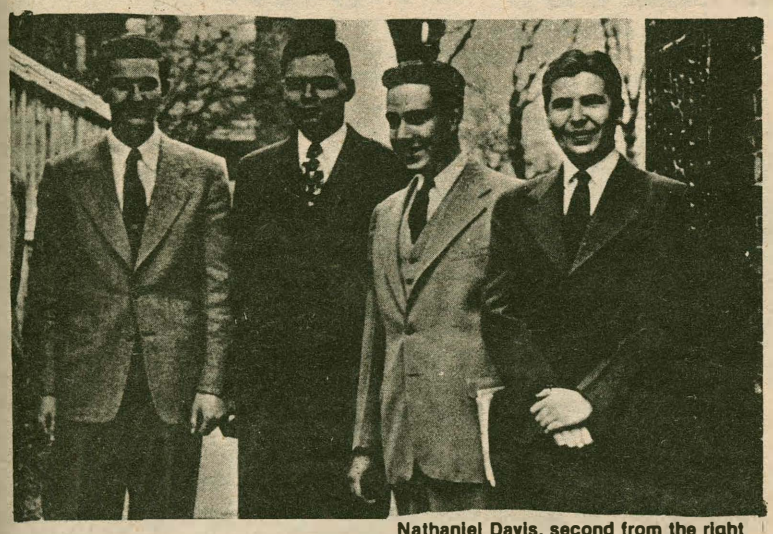

Nathaniel Davis, second from the right

former Ambassador

Davis Speaks

by Stanley Kaymen

Nathaniel Davis, currently State Department Advisor to the Naval War College and formerly Ambassador to Chile and Assistant Secretary of African Affairs, spoke in the Chapel last night.

In a talk which proved to be anecdotal and humorous, Mr. Davis explained how he became Ambassador to Chile. "I've spend half of my career in the Foreign Service concerned with Soviet matters," he said.

"In Chile, there were problems with Marxist infiltration: The State Department decided to send two Russion-speaking foreign Service Officers there to distinguish the Communists from the agrarian reformers. I was elected to go.

He continued, casually, "then one time I was tapped to guide Nikita Khrushchev around the States when he came here in the early Sixties.

"He arrived, tired, to speak at the Economic Club. It was 8 p.m. New York time, 4 a.m. by Nikita's internal clock. Instead of giving his prepared speech, he rambled. As the night drew on, the assembled businessmen began to stir. The 11:23 was leaving soon for Scarsdale."

"Finally, at 1 a.m., Khrushchev finished. He was then faced with newsmen. 'Why are you afraid of the truth?' and 'Why won't you sell the New York Times in Moscow?' they badgered him. He retorted 'If you don't want me in your country I'll leave tomorrow.' So the Premeier's visit was almost over before it started."

After these digressions, Mr. Davis got down to business. He posed five questions:

Why did the Soviets invade Afghanistan? What was the U.S. response? What is the present reality of the situation? What are the prospects? and *What is the solution.*

The standard justification for the invasion, is that the Soviets see Afghanistan as a key country in a very strategic area. They have been interested in warm-water Persian Gulf ports since Peter the Great. Plus, they fear Muslim insurrections: witness Iran.

"What incentives have the Americans offered the Russians to detente?" Davis continued, "Few. Salt II has a dim chance of passing Congress. Pershing missiles have been installed in Europe. NATO forces did not respond to USSR tank withdrawls from Eastern Europe. And the State Department is now playing the dangerous 'China Card'."

On the other hand, would a more moderate Western attitude have changed much? "No," answered Davis. "It was just too close to the Soviet bone. Their action was fully justified in their own eyes."

As the career diplomat wound up his discourse, he carefully presented a balanced approach. "There are military and political solutions to the Afghan crisis. But tough questions remain. The Foreign Service should be as effective as it can. As Ben Franklin said, 'we must hang together or hang separately'."

"The ultimate answer," he concluded, "is a 'bundle of policies' to avoid relying on a military reaction which cannot be the solution."

Rushing Over

Results Are Mixed

by Brooks Magratten

The class of '83 pondered, some would say suffered, over 211 invitations to join fraternities this year. The freshmen, usually wandering aimlessly in a state of confusion, were not totally indistinguishable from the upperclassmen who were waiting to reep the fruits of their rushing labors. When the final decisions were made at 4 p.m. yesterday, the fraternities had captured in 124 new members.

The DKE house led the pack this time with 19 pledges, down two from last year; DU trailed close behind with 18 pledges, up one. Both of the houses have been consistent over the years in bids and pledges, usually assuming second and third positions after Chi Psi.

Chi Psi, however, found itself unable to accept the same number of pledges it had in the past. The number of bids issued, therefore, was restricted to 25. At the deadline they had attracted 17 pledges. Psi U rivaled Chi Psi with an intake of 17 pledges out of 27 bids issued; up five from last year. From this season's results it seems that Psi U is rebounding to its previous high pledge levels of 1978.

AD Phi issued the largest number of bids this year and attracted a return of 16 students; up four from last year but still shy of '77-'78 pledge levels.

Sigma Phi managed a return on the 15 bids it issued; 14 pledges! The fraternity gained eight more pledges than last year and enjoyed a substantial leap from low pledge returns from as far back as 1977.

D Phi doubled their pledge number over last year with 11 pledges out of 24 bids issued.

ELS and TDX each attracted six pledges. TDX gained one pledge from last year while ELS lost one. ELS has remained fairly stable over the years with slight increases due to the acceptance of women into the frat. TDX still shows no signs of ending its pledge slump since 1978.

According to IFC President Charles Duke, 45% of the male sector of the freshman class pledged to one of the fraternities. He reminds the college that fraternities may still accept pledges from eligible students. As of 4 p.m. yesterday, however, all signed bids are binding.

Frat	Bids Issued '80	% Return	'80	'79	'78
AD Phi	39	41%	16	12	25
Chi Psi	25	68%	17	35	31
DKE	26	73%	19	21	19
D Phi	24	45%	11	5	10
DU	25	72%	18	17	22
ELS	12	50%	6	7	9
Psi U	27	62%	17	12	23
Sig. Phi	15	93%	14	6	7
TDX	18	33%	6	5	5
Total	211		124	120	153

All figures given are not necessarily the final pledge figures. Rather, they represent those bids received by the Dean's office at the deadline, 4 p.m. yesterday.

Graduation Indoors

by David Schindler

This year, Hamilton graduation ceremonies will be held in the fieldhouse regardless of the weather.

Commencement took place in the new athletic complex last May because of rain. Plans were originally made to give the class of 1979 their diplomas outside.

Members of Hamilton's commencement Committee made opposing statements about how the decision to have an indoor graduation was made. They also expressed conflicting opinions about the decision's merit.

Assistant to the President Alice Maxfield, a Committee member, said that the Committee decided to have the 1980 commencement indoors. She explained that last year's graduation worked well compared to outdoor graduations, which have been "very hot" and "not good for aging grandparents."

"I didn't vote on any question of where [commencement] was being held," said Gerald lee, a student member of the Committee, "I would like to have it outside."

No other alternative but inside was brought up" to the Committee by President Carovano, according to student member Leigh Hamilton. Although Hamilton said that she believes an outdoor graduation would be impractical, she feels that most students disagree with her. In her opinion, they would probably prefer to have graduation outside.

Another member of the Committee, Professor Russell Blackwood III, said that graduation is a party which the College hosts. In the opinion of Blackwood, the College rather than Hamilton's senior class should decide where graduation will be held, because members of the senior class will be guests at the party.

Blackwood explained that outdoor commencement ceremonies were inconvenient and uncomfortable. However, he also said graduation "was fun when we had it outdoors."

Shirley Matthews, a student member, refused to make any comments about graduation. Seth Gelsthorpe and Jon Hind, two students who are not on the Committee were much more eager to discuss the subject.

"If it's a nice day, it's an awful shame not have it outside where it's beautiful," said Gelsthorpe.

Jon Hind explained that he would like to graduate outdoors, because an outdoor commencement has a pleasant and open atmosphere.

The other members of the Commencement Committee, President and Ron Pressman, a student, were not available for comments.

Frat Situations on Other Campuses

by Brooks Magratten and Granger Babcock

This weekend, many students will flock to the frat houses for beer 'n tunes or cocktails. But exactly how solid is the ground on which fraternities stand? If one looks to Hamilton's rival colleges, fraternities are dropping like flies. More and more frats must face the ultimatum of going co-ed and losing national affiliation or losing their chapter rights at the college.

Fifteen years ago, Williams College disbanded all their fraternities, just before they accepted women into the college. According to Dean Rosenrod, "Williams' frats were not conducive to the academic atmosphere of the college." The social life fraternities offered began to dominate the college's academic interests. Most of all, according to Rosenrod, the fraternities were discriminatory towards minorities and women.

At Amherst College, the fraternity rushing process has been delayed pending a decision by the college's Board of Trustees on the future of single-sex housing units on the Amherst campus. Over the weekend of February 29th the President of Amherst College is expected to propose three options to the Amherst Board of Trustees: establishing a sorority or sororities or the Amherst Campus; biasing the room lottery to favor of women; and forcing all college housing to become coed. However, President Gibbs feels that the first two alternatives are not viable; Thus he supports the coeducation of fraternities. "It is not only time that all housing owned by the College should morally drop sex discrimination, but all other options have practical problems

Last year's indoor graduation

EDITORIAL

"twittering"

When Alexander Woollcott came back to his Alma Mater and spoke in Chapel he was greeted by the traditional snapping of fingers. His witty response was, "What is that Elf-like twittering?" Since those illustrious days in the history of the campus-wide morning assembly, Chapel has descended to a pitiful state. Average attendance is below fifty. Hardly any faculty members or administators attend.

Chapel's existence depends on popular support. Until not too long ago Chapel attendance was mandatory every day of the week. Such measures are not plausible today. The question to be faced is: Should Chapel continue to exist at all?

In recent years Chapel has entertained, informed and was well attended: it can continue to do so.

Major complaints seem to be that the time is inconvenient. Why not survey the campus and find out if the community is in favor of continuing Chapel, and if so, at what time?

It must be remembered that not all of the responsibility for Chapel's success lies with the speakers. Student support as well as attendance and participation by members of the faculty and administration is imperative for Chapel's success.

Chapel has had a tradition of a raucus, "Anything-goes" atmosphere which has produced some of the more memorable humorous events in the College's history. Where has all that gone? Of late the time-honored traditions of finger-snapping instead of clapping and frosh in the balcony have disappeared. We are slowly losing one by one, the traditions in Chapel that have kept Hamilton lively. Chapel is worthwhile: let's fill up the pews and keep one Hamilton's more valuable traditions alive.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Bidless Woman

TO THE EDITOR:

Ms. Wright, the Bidless Woman, has my sympathy, but certainly not my endorsement. In accordance with the current vogue among some Hamilton women, you seem to envision yourself as a champion of equal rights whose ultimate goal is complete admission into every traditional facet of a formerly all-male institution. With the first paragraph of your letter, you attempted to applaud yourself for being to first woman ever to ask fraternities for bids. Congratulations.

Upon fraternal rejection, you proceed to denounce the College for not upholding the "everyone-gets-a-bid" loophole established when you were two years old. Then you accuse the fraternities of fear of the nationals as if we really want to let you in, but are afraid to. Haven't you recognized the possibility that it is the brothers themselves that don't want you? There are some chapters of Psi Upsilon that are coed, so in our case fear of the nationals doesn't exist. Secondly, the purpose of the fraternity is not protection of women's rights. If you were to be inducted, it would be a result of qualities considered as assets to the fraternity, not because you insisted on admission.

Ms. Wright, you have missed the most important point of all. Never in your letter do you indicate that your reasons for joining the frat are those reasons a person *should* have. You should want to experience the close comradery and enjoy the company of people whose attitudes are similar to yours. For you, acceptance in a frat would represent a victorious step in equal rights. Yes, you do have my sympathy. I pity you because you will never learn and experience what "fraternity" really means.

PETER LORBER, PSI UPSILON '81

Desent — Self-Centered?

TO THE EDITOR:

It is interesting to note that the majority of those opposed to the draft registration in the United States and on this campus in particular are bringing out of mothballs their rallying calls from the Vietnam era. Conscientious objectors everywhere cite the subjugation of personal rights to the economic interests of the military industrial complex as the reason for American involvement in Southeast Asia. The enemy in Vietnam was not the NVA or the Viet Cong. It was the self-centered paranoiacs who sapped American strength in Vietnam by stabbing the US effort in the back. Vietnamese fields and American hearts are heavy with the memory of those who answered the call of their country regardless of personal belief and made the supreme sacrifice in defense of freedom.

Freedom is a very cheap word to the young Americans who have taken its benefits for granted and ignored its obligations. Americans have never had to experience the terror of secret police and totalitarian regimes, and therefore do not realize the value of this priceless institution. The prisons and graveyards of Eastern Europe and Africa are full of those, who, unlike their American counterparts, died for their beliefs instead of displaying the ugliest of human traits.

The Hamilton College Chapel contains plaques dedicated to those who gave their lives in Europe and Asia in support of the belief that they would rather die on their feet than live on their knees. It seems that their sacrifices will have been made in vain. It is a great pity that the loud minority overshadows the silent majority who are prepared to answer the call of their country in defense of an institution that others choose to abuse.

ALEXANDER C. KEMOS '81,
BRIAN J. LEWY '80, PHILIP
G. PARAS '82, SCOTT F. HAGE '80

Early?

TO THE EDITOR:

It has come to my attention that the Student Assembly has or is planning to pass a number of anti-draft resolutions. Doesn't it seem that the Assembly's actions are premature? The President has called for a registration which is only a trip to the post office, not a two year stint in Afghanistan! The President has said that this registration would take four months off the draft process, in case of an emergency. This isn't a crime against our personal rights, it is only a common sense move on the President's part. The armed forces may be capable at the moment, but what about the future? Doesn't it make sense to be prepared?

Don't tell me that in the past every registration has led to the draft. We are not in the past, we are in the present, and the present dictates preparedness. Why don't we look at the situation when the induction notice arrives before we decide what appropriate action to take.

KRAIG KAYSER '82

Good Food

TO THE EDITOR:

I'm really upset that ARA has come under so much fire recently. True, I didn't come to Hamilton because it has gourmet cusine. In fact, I shyed away from Dartmouth because the admission's officer said, "Some people come to Dartmouth because the food is so good."

I chose to attend hamilton College because the school had a fine reputation for academic excellence. Well, I've been a student at the College for almost six months. I honestly feel that I'm in a position to judge the food at Hamilton.

It's really not bad. Sure tacos, box lunches with two pieces of bread and one slice of bolonga, and three day old baked fish get me down, but on those days, I head to the salad bar where I make a pyramid of ham, tuna salad, salami, onions, tomatoes, and lettuce topped with bleu cheese dressing. On other days, I'll take two or three surprisingly rare hamburgers and throw them between a roll.

While ARA cannot match Grandma's gefilte fish and chopped liver, it's really not bad. I mean what do you expect from institutional food? Believe me, I have had food at weddings and Bar Mitvahs that make ARA look like The Four Seasons restaurant.

So, stop belly-aching and give the food a chance. A more positive outlook toward the food might make it more satisfying.

LAURENCE GOLDFARB '83

Be Proud!

TO THE EDITOR:

Reading A.H. Snyder's article, "Didn't You Used To," I was filled with a growing anger. So I waited a couple of days and re-read the article. Granted, my anger was not so overwhelming the second time, but nevrtheles I felt that Snyder was extremely unfair to our basketball team and its coach.

The effort of this years team is to be admired. Neither the coach or A.H. Snyder has to "live with" the memories of Klauberg and Oliver; the team does. I don't believe Snyder was half as upset at the end of the "Streak" as the team itself. Those poor boys will be known in Hamilton's history as the losers. I, for one, am willing to keep the fond memories of the past where they belong — in the past!

As to the lack of senior leadership, I have two things to ask: first, why do we need *senior* leadership; second, why do we need leadership at all? Are seniors infallible? Age may mean wisdom, but three years in the early twenties mean nothing. Granted, a man is needed to call plays, but one player cannot win alone. Out on the floor, each man is equal. They are one body of five men — one cannot work without the others.

I also think the freshmen on the team are playing damn well. They don't seem to have pulled the team down at all. Kiely, perhaps unused to the crowds and not scoring many points, is an asset to the team. He is quick, energetic, and he uses his head. Can additional practice hurt? Robinson is one of the most incredible players I have ever seen. He is always in action, often succeeding with the impossible. And Evans — this guy is already terrific. And he is *not* a Klauberg or an Oliver, he is an *Evans*. Remember that, Snyder!

This is not to berate the upperclassmen. Grimmer is a fantastic player, as well as Weir. Without their help, our team would be nothing. They are team members, not upperclassmen. Nor can we forget the work of the sophomores,

like Hale and Garcia. Nor can we ignore the work of the coach.

Coach, I hope to God that you are proud of your team. I certainly am. Thank you, Team, for your efforts and accomplishments. You are definitely not the losers — the community is for not seeing you play. You are the foundation for a new, stronger "Streak." Keep up the great work.

. . . .Just call me a fan.

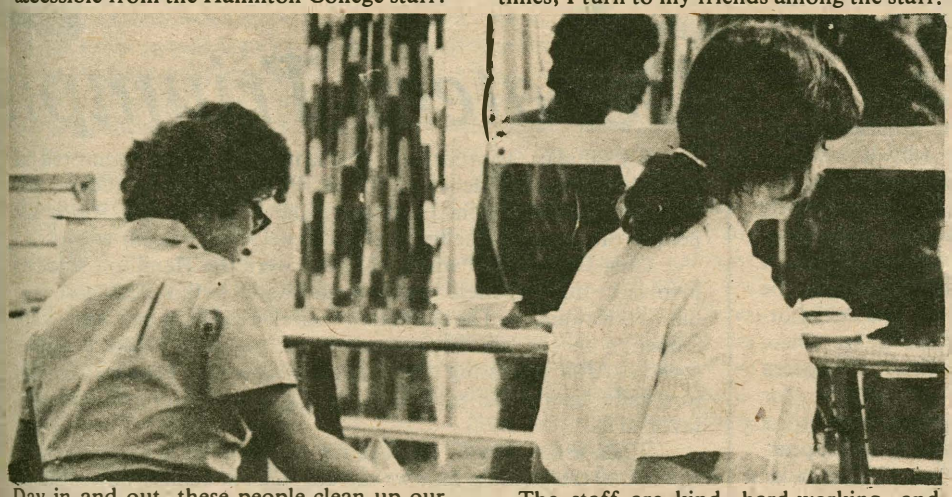
GABRIELLA STEFEL '83

The Spectator welcomes all letters to the editor. Letters should be received by Wednesday noon, signed, typewritten, double-spaced and not to exceed 300 words. We attempt to print all letters, but reserve the right to edit for length and libelous content.

A Room of My Own — Barba Bevington

Old Friends

A complaint heard on college campuses: "The problem with college is that everyone is the same age." This statement ignores the actual diversity available at colleges. How many Hamilton students, for example, take advantage of the wisdom and insight readily accessible from the Hamilton College staff?



Day in and out, these people clean up our shit, fix up our demo, serve us and protect us, maintain our lawns and hallways. How often have we overlooked, ignored, and harassed them, or treated them like garbage?

True — most of the college staff probably have not been to college themselves, but they have lived longer than we have. The staff can provide an intelligent point of view if given the chance, based on experience and common sense. When I reach the overload point and just can't take it any more, other students (even my best friends) rarely can offer guidance. They are also going through the confusion of advanced adolescence created by college. At such times, I turn to my friends among the staff.

The staff are kind, hard-working, and usually willing to talk. Throughout my first fall on College Hill I noticed teams of groundsmen tearing up the lawns on either side of the paths and repacking with solid dirt. *They can't be seeding,* I thought, *it's September.* Overcome with curiousity, I finally asked two workers what on earth they were doing. And they told me. Do you know why? Next fall, maybe you should ask.

I soon introduced myself to the woman who cleaned the hall bathroom. We became friends. Irene's husband owns a restaurant, and after scrubbing our toilets for eight hours, she returns home to work in the restaurant at night. Her son will be going to college in the fall; another works for ARA. How much do you know about the person who cleans your bathroom?

The snack-bar personnel are probably the best known staff on campus. They all love to chat. Contrary to popular belief, they also have lives beyond the Bristol Campus Center HUB. For instance, Marge's older son is doing better in school this year. Her younger son desperately wanted a bicycle for Christams (he got one). One night, I had a long talk with Mary about responsibility and the difficulty of taking on too much. Some students, on the other hand, prefer to scream at Mary when the grill closes at 12:30 a.m. They have not realized that the staff are human beings and not slaves.

The secretaries scattered in offices campus-wide usually know more than their bosses. My favorites are the English Office Secretaries — probably because I'm an English major and often find myself in Root Hall. They sell coffee cheap and are extremely helpful in helping locate English professors, who generally keep insane hours. I always cheer up after leaving the Root Hall Office.

Anyone who has any interest at all in what is going on should talk to the grounds crew. Most of the time it is not clear what they are doing, and they'll gladly talk about it if you ask them. My best conversations with Hank (the electrician) occur when he is on top of a lamppost doing lord knows what. This fall, he was working on the lamppost behind South Dorm on so many different occasions that I began to think of it as "our spot."

The janitors are also a wealth of information. Bill, the janitor in my dorm, knows a litle bit about everything. At the beginning of this year I approached him and said, "Bill, can you find me a board about yay long and this wide?" I was putting my bed up on the windowsill and needed a small board for support. Three days later, in passing, he said, "I found your board." He had seen it in the trash behind List, and remembered that I wanted one. It was perfect.

Other friendly staffers can be found in the Bookstore, Business Office, the Print Shop, and among Security. The McEwen, Commons, and Bundy Staff probably have even more.

Learning from Staff has been a large part of my Liberal Arts education. I've learned at least as much from Staff as I've learned from Faculty. Some have helped me through the most frustrating moments of my college career. A large part of the community at H.C. is not eighteen to twenty-two years old. It's time more of us knew about it.

Special Meaning — Tom Bernatchez

A Couple of Problems

Nobody listened to me last fall. Not only did I warn people, I suggested a means to solve the problem. Well, now I have proof. A week ago Tuesday it snowed in the evening. I was up very early the next morning, and I noticed that no matter where I went, the squirrel tracks all seemed to be leading in the same direction. I followed, and guess where they all converged? That's right, in front of the Chapel. They looked like spokes, they were everywhere, coming from all corners of the campus, and they closed in on the Al Hamilton statue pedestal as if it were their hub. There must have been a million of them.

* * * *

I had a very bad dream last night. It was one of the worst I have had in a long time. Herbie, whom I have mentioned early in the school year, had some tickets for the Olympics, and he asked me to go with him because I have put his name in print so often. Since I am familiar with the area, I was the navigator, and I decieded that we should leave the Hill at three am to see our noon event. The road was very congested, and we had a flat tire near Remsen, but that was a minor problem compared to the rest of the day.

We rolled into Saranac Lake at ten. "Not bad," I thought, "seven hours to make a three and a half hour trip. I suggested that we call my uncle to see if we could park in his driveway, but all my cousins were home for the Olympics, and we had no room. So, we drove around Saranac looking for a place to park. Herbie reminded me that we had to catch a bus, and we had to pay. We stopped in front of a house. The man was sitting on his porch, and he was very nice. He charged us twenty dollars to park for the day. It was now ten-thirty, and it started to rain. It didn't pour, it just drizzled incessantly for the rest of the day.

We were finally lucky. We didn't have to wait for our bus, and we arrived at the foot of Mt. Van Hoevenberg at eleven-thirty, just in time. We started up the hill, but a crowd control person informed us that there was no more spectator space along the run. "We have tickets," I said. "I'm sorry," was his reply. "Why don't you watch at the finish, that's always exciting."

We went to the finish, as did about 150 other people who also had tickets. We were lucky to be in front, because some of the people behind us never got to see the bobsleds. It was great! We could hear them coming, and then we could hear the sound of the brakes, and they we could see them when they were getting off of the sled. The people behind us didn't see a thing! We saw all of the European and communist European teams. They were the best. The American sled came along eventually, and I called out to its famous driver, "Hey Willie, Willie Davenport. Great run. Sure beats Mexico City, huh." He smiled, despite his fourteenth place finish.

The event was over, and Herbie and I took a bus back into Placid where we were to transfer to the Saranac bus. While we were waiting, Herbie suggested that we pick up some food and beer for the ride home. I was all in favor of this idea; I was very hungry because I refused to pay two dollars for a hot dog at the bobsled run. We went into the Grand Union. Herbie went for the cookies and I got the beer. We met at the check-out counter where the clerk informed us that our purchases came to $4.86, plus tax. "$4.86," I cried, "for a six of Matts and some Oreos!?" "That's right," the clerk said as she smiled, "we have raised all prices 17% for the two weeks of the Olympics. Headquarters suggested it."

I was glad to get back in the car and head South. I had informed my parents that we would be stopping for dinner and I was looking forward to a good, free meal. The drive from Saranac to Old Forge was relaxing, and I soon fell into a state of peaceful euphoria: no one was pushing me, no one was telling me where to go, no one was rushing me, and no one was trying to gouge my wallet. This trance was quickly broken, though, when I pulled into the driveway. The house was dark. I approached it slowly and ventured inside. No one was home except the dog. I found a note on the table:

Dear Tom,

Sorry we couldn't be here, but we got tickets to see the last four days of events. We are staying with Uncle Bill in Saranac. Hot dogs and beer are in the refrigerator. In the bag on the shelf you will find dog food and some Oreos for you and Herbie. You will have to take Scooter with you. We will pick her up next week.

Love,
Mom and Dad.

The Residue of Design — Barry Cusick

Doldrums

Dear Sist,

Well, your favorite trooper is back at the wars for one last campaign. And, I'm sorry to say, things haven't changed much one way or the other. You know the way the weather is here, cold for the past three months and two more cold months to go before any letup. Then maybe I can get outside and begin to enjoy myself again. Things always get too cramped around here about now, too many people and no room to breathe, if you know what I mean.

Sorry I haven't written sooner, but what with adding and dropping courses, buying books, etc. I guess I haven't had much time.

All I've done so far this semester is study, it seems. I've found out there is quite an incentive to graduate at this point, and I'm doing my damndest. I've been to a couple of basketball games, but it's not the same. Everyone on the team seems so young, we're starting three fresmen. And no one goes to the games anymore. It used to be you went to the games just to be *seen*, you know? Now all the dorms are coed so no one has to go to a smelly gym or a sterile fieldhouse or a smelly pub to be seen. And everyone seems so much more serious about studying now. It's life or death. Does that mean I have a life expectancy of three months?

I don't know why I'm so depressed tonight, just the thought of another semester and no relief in sight. Oh, houseparties is coming up this weekend, if you can call that any relief. Some people seem to have the right attitude toward houseparties, but not me. I always get real excited and hopeful for absolutely no reason at all and then have a lousy time. Great expectations, you know?

You might have heard this already, but two students got suspended for pot here over Winter Term. First time our drug

nirvana has been invaded in quite awhile. Some people here are quite upset by the whole thing, and with good reason, I think. We have a right to our privacy. And the statue of Alexander Hamilton was stolen last week. And I might get drafted anytime. What's going on, anyway.

Sometimes I wish everything would stop for just one week so I could think and get things rearranged. Then everything would be okay.

Well, I guess it's only a month until spring break. And I'll take them one at a time, just like I should. It just gets a little much sometimes, trying to keep the old upper lip stiff. What the world needs is more people you can be really miserable with. Being happy just takes too much effort.

I'm sorry if I've been rambling and incoherent, but it's been one of those days. And I'd rather take out my frustrations on paper than on someone else. Don't be too upset by this, though. By the time you read it, I'll be okay. I just have to get it out of me somehow.

I really will try to write more often. Hope you are feeling allright. Hi and all my love to Dad.

Frats Future Dim

and do not met the moral problem," commented the Amherst President.

At Bowdoin administrators stated that "Fraternities must extend full and equal opportunities for particpation to women. No single sex fraternity or sorority will be allowed on campus," according to IFC President Chris Messerly. Bowdoin has ten fraternities, only four of which remain all-male. Of course this means that most fraternities will lose their national affiliations depending on what stand their national charters take towards women members.

At 'Dartmouth, the Trustees placed all campus fraternities on a one year probationary status at the faculty's request. According to Dean Dennet, "the frats were not taking care of themselves." The fraternities have now had one year to fix up their houses and organizational problems in order to remain as Dartmouth fraternities. This weekend administrators will be inspecting the houses and will decide whether or not to extend chapter rights.

The Student Life Committee has investigated aspects of community living at Hamilton. The Ad Hoc committee on social and residential patterns is an extension of the Student Life Committee; it will be investigating the role frats play on campus. One ominous question which hovers over the Committee is the problem frats present to co-education. The Committee's report could be detrimental to Hamilton's fraternities should they choose to pursue the question of true co-education.

Dean Flossie Mitchell sees fraternities as an enormous question which must be delt with if Hamilton is to obtain true co-educational status. The Deans office has investigated the possibility of sororities on campus, but sororities will serve only to create more factions in what the deans consider an already too "compartmentalized" campus. There is, however, a group of Hamilton women discussing the idea of a women's social group living together in Wallace Johnson dormitory. The group is led by Patti Stronach '80 and Marra Harris '82 and had an attendance of roughly 20 women at their first meeting. The group has been contacted by Greek organizations but no decision has been made as of yet.

IFC President, Charles Duke, sees no reason why fraternities should be threatened by co-education. If a college presents truly equal opportunities for all students there should be no reason why a group of students should not be able to live together in a social organization, if they so desire. Duke feels that fraternities are often scapegoats and are blamed for everything that goes wrong on the Hill. For example, the disappearance of the statue of Alexander Hamilton.

Debaters Triumph

On Sunday, February 17, the Hamilton Union sponsored its second international debate of the year. Two Hamilton students and two guest debators from Japan participated in the event, which was held in the Chapel. The topic of the debate was nuclear energy.

Greg Doyle and Pamela McCarty were the Hamilton students involved; the Japanese participants were Keiko Takahasi and Sashiko Kawanishi. The resolution was: there should be a significant reduction in the use of nuclear power plants for future energy sources. After discussing the resolution Doyle and Takahasi decided to debate against the resolution; McCarty and Kawanishi were in favor of it.

When asked why he was against the resolution, Doyle said, "I feel that at this point in time we can not rule out nuclear power plants while looking for other energy sources. Our demand for energy is too great for this to happen."

Witnesses for the debate were Professors Denny, Pearle, Zook, and Steinberg. The debate resulted in the defeat of the resolution.

Doug Sgarro, president of the Hamilton Union, was pleased with the results of the debate, especially with the large crowd, many of whom were Speech 110 students invited by the Speech Department. Said Sgarro, "I'm very pleased with the success of the debate. [It] was an improvement over the earlier debate with the British students. I'm glad that there is a growing interest in debating at Hamilton. Three years ago we didn't even have a club, and in the past two years alone we've had four international debates. I must say, though, that much of the credit for the revitalization of the debate team must go to Mr. Somer."

Sgarro also mentioned that he hopes to organize some inter-club debates in the months ahead.

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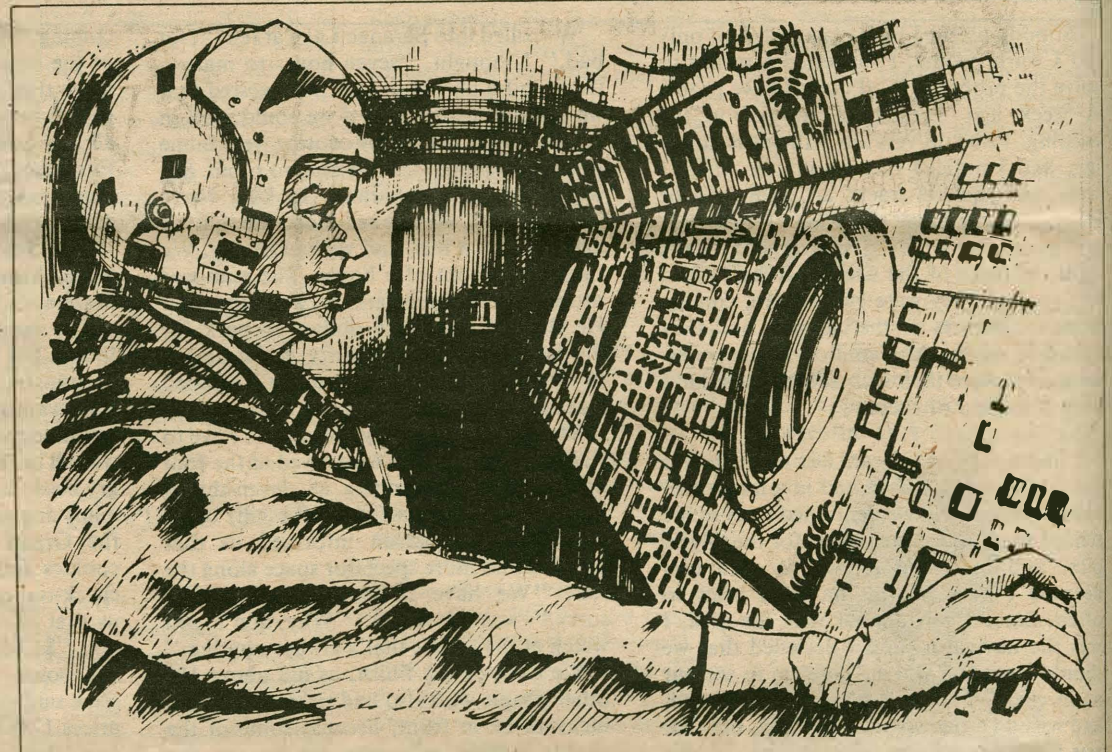

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Coaches Meet Students

by Larry Goldfarb

On Friday, February 15, ninety high school seniors from all over the Eastern seaboard congregated in the Alumni Gym and Fieldhouse for "The Hamilton Athletic Weekend," compared to 50 students last year. The athletic weekend is a traditional event in which prospective applicants have an opportunity to sample college life, while meeting with the coaches and future teammates.

The weekend gained importance when Hamilton entered New England Small College Athletic Conference. NESCAC regulations restrict a coach's ability to recruit, in that a coach cannot initially contact a player or travel to a secondary school to talk to an athletic applicant.

Varsity Football Coach Ted Stratford is the greatest cause of the increase in the size of the Weekend. Hired last January, Stratford had little opportunity to recruit football players for the College. "Basically recruiting begins during the student's junior year," explained Stratford. "I receive most of my inquirees by September 1."

Throughout the fall, Stratford prepares a list of applicants. The most promising are chosen to attend the Weekend. "This year we received as many as 500 applications from football players. I try to recruit kids who, without football, wouldn't go to college — blue collar kids who usually work as well as go to school. These are fine young men who are extremely motivated and well-rounded students."

"That was the message of Dean Rice's speech," Stratford continued. "Attract diversified students, students who are more involved; this is what enhances the vitality of campus life. As you well know, it's not easy to attract scholar-athletes who happen to play football to this campus. They want to know if we are serious about football at Hamilton; I must convince these young men that we are serious."

However, it is hard to sell a school that holds a terrible football record for more than a decade. "Can you imagine Amherst putting a football team on the field that is 0-14, and at one time lost 22 in a row?"

During this year's recruiting, Stratford has stressed academics. "A kid must be able to survive here academically; Hamilton can not lower its academic standards. I believe the Admission Office does a fine job. They are professionals."

Concerning other activities of the admissions technique, Stratford is less kind. "I have trouble understanding why academic professors serve on the Admissions Committee (that ultimately decides if an applicant is accepted or rejected). They teach classes and submit papers. How can they understand the admissions technique as well as the admission officers?" Nine professors serve on the Admissions Committee, and review the board scores and academic history of the candidate. "They never look at the activities," says Stratford. "This is what makes me mad.

I realize that people think of me as a hot dog football coach, but I used to teach physiology at St. Lawrence. What Hamilton needs are well motivated young people. This is my prime concern as a teacher and a coach. I really don't think the professors that serve on the Committee are qualified to make admissions decisions."

Assistant Director of Admission Greg Polakow disagrees with Stratford's assessment. "I recently put together a paper comparing the way each member of the Committee voted on the prospective applicants. Surprisingly, there was little to no disparity at all."

How is the faculty committee selected and who makes up this group? "They are elected by the faculty themselves," Polakow explained. "There is not a person from the athletic office on the Committee and I believe that there are some qualified people in the office.

"I believe that athletes have an important place at Hamilton and we try to give them every break. [However], a person who contributes athletically must be willing to do the work. If you look at the profile of a rated athlete, you note a disparity when considering the solely academic student."

Polakow also compiles data printout on athletics, crucial to the recruiting effort. Sent to every coach, the printout rates the athletes on a scale of 1 to 5. "This has served," says Coach Al Nickerson, Jr., "to keep the coaches out of the Admissions Office where they really don't belong." Additionally, it assists the coach in narrowing the recruiting roster.

Does Admissions place a higher emphasis on athletics than the arts? "Both are extremely important," explained Polakow, "every small college has a football program. Hamilton is a vital college with a fine academic reputation. An oboe player or a dancer serves to maintain this vitality. A vital campus attracts athletes. Of course athletes are more visible, and thus might receive more consideration."

The Admission Office also sponsors a Minority Weekend, an Arts Weekend, and is considering a math and science event. The Athletic weekend that occured this past weekend was certainly a success. Palakow said that the applicants he talked to were "very happy with the Weekend." The coaches also enjoyed themselves. They were able to interview candidates, and show a more intimate view of the College.

Decision Time

by Carol Homiak

Despite the new February 1st deadline, applications for admission were still coming in on the 15th, and are expected to surpass last year's totals to make this year the most successful yet to date, there are 2485 applicants, only 60 fewer than last year, 30 or so are coming in a day, according to Chris Covert, Dean of Admissions.

450 of these applicants will comprise next year's freshman class. Approximately 1000 applications will be accepted, or about 40%. Although only half of the applications have been processed, the statistics so far are favorable. 65% of all applicants graduated in the top 20% of their class. Average SAT scores also seem promising. Of all applicants, average verbal scores measured 550, and average math scores were slightly higher at 588.

Outside of these tentative numbers, not much is known about the character of the incoming class. Will it be as homogeneous as rumor has it? The admissions office plans to do a study on the trends in student interests when all of their information is complete. But will they do anything to attract a more diverse student body if need be?

As of now, initial admission appeals are directed only at students of a certain SAT score range. "Well of course we'd like to see more football players," said Covert, "but only if they meet the standards."

Many are concerned that Hamilton lost much diversity with the dissolution of Kirkland. Covert agreed that women applicants to Hamilton are more interested in traditional math and science courses, but he maintains that the art and music departments are still attracting enough students to keep themselves strong.

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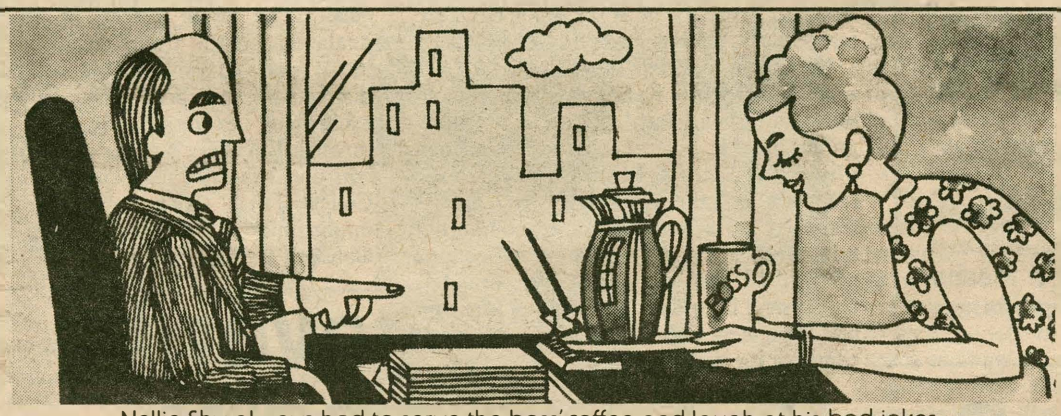

Nellie Shy always had to serve the boss' coffee and laugh at his bad jokes.

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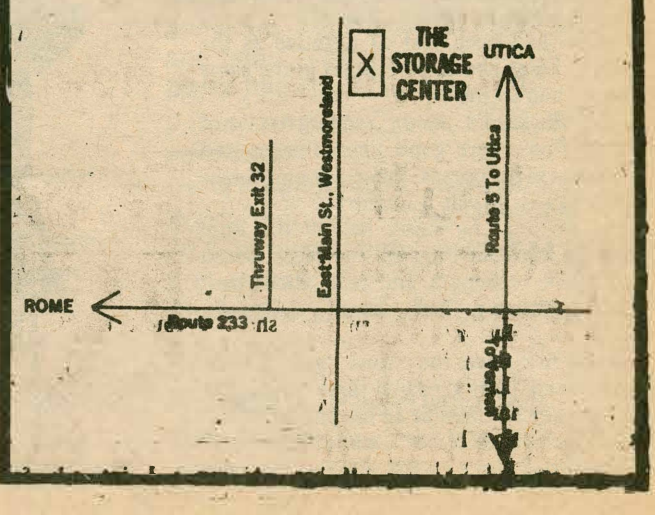


THE WOMEN'S FILM SOCIETY SPRING SEMESTER FILMS

Feb. 24-26: *Tout Va Bien* is an acutely modern story of the breakdown in a relationship between a comprovised TV director (Yves Montad) and an American journalist (Jane Fonda) who becomes radicalized through a factory strike she covers. The film is both political and personal, incorporating these two arenas informatively and with excitement.

March 2-4: *Buenos Dias Corpaneras: Women in Cuba*. An intimate look at four Cuban women: Haydee, a construction forewoman; Bladys, her sister and housewife; Angelita, a farmworker; and Sara, one of Cuba's most popular singers today. The film investigates how some women have adapted to the revolution, and highlights their determination in wrestling with the present problems they face.

My Country Occupied depicts the transformation of one Guatemalan woman from farmworker to guerilla fighter during a period of great political upheaval and pressure.

March 9-11: *The Middle of the World.* Director Alain Tanner takes the materials of a classic 'femme fatale' tragedy and refashions them — as they should have been refashioned long ago — into a subtlely observed but invigorating tale of the growth of a woman's consciousness. *The Middle of the World* describes a love affair between Paul, a Swiss engineer running for political office, and Adriana, an Italian emigrant working as a waitress.

March 16-18: *Women in the Dunes;* Along the themes of Beckett, Pinter and Kafka, this film probes fundamental questions of existence; it tells of the bizarre tale of a man trapped at the bottom of a sandpit, along with a woman. He had been placed there to help the woman shovel-load the endlessly shifting sand in baskets which are hauled up from above; in return these two people receive water and food as long as they are "grounded."

March 23-25: *Sylvia Scarlet.* George Cukor, director of *Adam's Rib,* is well known for his well known for his work with Katharine Hepburn. For those of you that enjoyed *Adam's Rib* in the beginning of last semester, this is a must.

April 6-8: *Ramparts of Clay* is the drama of a young woman unable to accept the subservient role that her people's ancient traditions demand of her. Her growing conflict with her community parallels the villagers' difficulty awakening to their own exploitation. Like *The Battle of Algiers,* this film's insightful portrayal of the impact of political and social forces on these people caused it to be banned in Tunisia and Algeria, the countries of its origin.

April 13-15: *The Lacemaker,* a film which traces the subtle development of a young girl who has an unusual sensitivity. She passes through an environment than cannot understand her. Through the movie one sees here encounters with sex, love, family, work and other institutions. In the end, she becomes the painting which bears the title of the movie.

April 20-22: *Mother Eusters Goes to Heaven.* Rainer Fassbinder, the director of *The Marriage of Maria Braun,* here portrays the modern world — the world of hijackings, Patty Hearst, Watergate and Gary Gilmore — where it is often hard to draw the line between journalism, show biz, crime and politics. The film starts with a series of violent acts committed by a factory worker, and then follows his widow's Swiftian quest to understand these acts and their significance in the present world.

April 27-29: *Black Girl* is shot in a simple, freewheeling style reminiscent of the early New Wave, it tells a direct, bitter, unambiguous story of exile and despair. The heroine, a Senegalese maid taken to the Riviera by her French employers, only fully realized when she was out of Africa what being an African means: it means being a thing, no longer herself, but "the black girl." The film centers around the myth of decolonization.

Quite a Quartet

by Beth Franken

Last Tuesday night in the Chapel, the Concord String Quartet performed a concert for the College community. It was the third of this year's "Music at Hamilton Artists Series."

The Concord String Quartet, currently in residence at Dartmouth College, is comprised of Mark Sokol, first violin; Andrew Jennings, second violin; John Kochanowski, viola; and Norman Fischer, cello. Their program on Tuesday evening consisted of "the Concord Quartets," three works by George Rochberg — String quartet no. 4 (1977), String Quartet No. 5 (1978), and String Quartet No. 6 (1978).

The Concord Quartet has the remarkable ability to make Rochberg's music appeal to the audience intimately, yet individually. I felt personally touched and moved by many aspects of the performance, and discovered after the concert that these same aspects affected other members of the audience as well. Mark Sokol (first violinist) pointed out during the afternoon open rehearsal that popular belief has determined that the chamber ensemble of a string quartet is a unified projection of thought from four musicians — "four people trying very hard to be one." However, without denying the importance of ensemble, Sokol added that a string quartet is actually a very *improbable* blending of four separate beings.

Throughout the concert, both sides of the dichotomy were clear. An example of the quartet's striking unity occurred in the conclusion of the first movement of Quartet No. 6; after an urgent, building accelerando, the movement lapses into diminishing repetitions of a chord, spaced over rests of increasing length. Suspension of silence between the chords grows, as each succeeding chord is sounded more quietly. An almost tangible feeling of ensemble is created; the four musicians are one.

On the other hand, the individual nature of each member of the quartet remained evident. In the fourth movement of Quartet No. 4 each musician projected his own distinctive message. The movement was a conversation, an exchange of ideas among four persons. For the entire program, the Concord Quartet performed tightly and precisely, yet with much individual, personal expression.

The originality of Rochberg's music is immediately striking in his practice of mixing contrasting kinds of music, especially tonal, (employing traditional harmonies), and atonal music. Atonal music (some term it "noise") has been a development since World War II. Intense examination life's grim side has resulted in extreme expressions of heightened emotion, but in the meantime, the humanness of the music has been lost.

According to Rochberg, because life is *not* one-dimensional but is a "simultaneous mixture of things," we should not be surprised to find this mixture reflected in music. All three string quartets combine tonal with atonal movements (and several movements are caught somewhere between the two). Contrary to one's expectation, the combinations were not jarring or unsettling. The Concord Quartet crossed borders easily, naturally, and seeming non-sequiturs dissolved.

For example, in Quartet No. 5 the first three movements were all tonal and yet conveyed three dramatically different moods. The first, molto allegro marziale, was bright and humorous, with several enchanting sections which added bouyancy and drive. Then, in the mesto, the Concord Quartet expressed all the world's grief in one long, sorrowful movement. The third movement, a brief refreshing Scherzo, dispelled the sadness with sharp, vibrant tones. Then, after these three tonally-conceived movements, we were presented with an atonal fourth movement — a serenade. Sections of frenetic sawing alternated with light, staccato phrases to create an uneasy feeling; but the movement did not seem out of place or contrived. It came across, rather, as a welcome change of mood, as between the previous movements. Finally, the fifth movement, a rondo-finale, was a mixture in itself of atonality and tonality. It was performed with great rhythmic force, and with driving sequences, but also conveyed anxiety, uncertainty. In its entirety, Quartet No. 5 presented a glorious combination of moods.

Each of the three quartets was performed as a complete unit, as *one* natural progression of ideas and feelings. Yet at the same time, the individual parts of each were clear. The three pieces of music are analagous to the Concord String Quartet itself: one, cohesive whole composed of distinctive, members. The energy and excitement expressed by the Quartet through Rochberg's music made for a brilliant and beautiful performance. Hamilton College was quite fortunate for the opportunity to share an evening with the Concord String Quartet.

At the RAC

An exhibition of paintings by Robert G. Hamilton, professor of painting at Rhode Island School of Design, will open on Sunday, February 24 at the Root Art Center with a reception beginning at 8:00 p.m.

Numerous exhibitions of his work have been shown at the Kanegis Gallery, the Alpha Gallery and the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Boston and the DeCordova Museum in Lincoln, Mass. He has been the recipient of the University of Illinois National Prize and the Carnegie International. His works are held in the collections of M.I.T., Brown University, Brandeis University, U. Mass., DeCordova Museum and Tougaloo College. The exhibition will continue through March 21.

Doting on Death

by Peter Cameron

There was a small child at Michael Burkard's poetry reading Wednesday night. He sat between his parents and feigned attention for a while, but he quickly became more and more interested in the man who was taping the reading and less and less interested in Mr. Burkard and his poetry. at the reception after the reading, him how he liked the poetry. "Good," he said. "I liked it good." I smiled as if I believed him, knowing he had been bored by the poems. He was only being polite. Then someone asked me how I liked the reading, and I realized that although my reaction had been just as negative as the child's, I was about to respond in the same way he had to me.

Mr. Burkard's poetry reading was not good. There were good lines, images and moments in his poems, but the poems themselves failed. It was a humorless and unrelaxed reading; he stood behind the little table in the Red Pit with his black beard and black turtleneck and read about shadows, darkness and death. Especially death.

In his first poem the phrase "getting back to the dead" was repeated three times, and he got back to them in all his poems. "The dead wash their faces" while "the dead overheard a story of the dead told by the dead." "I saw the dead and I saw the bin that makes the dead." Even "The milkman dies."

The images and ideas in his poems seem to be rearranged and out of order. The poems are disjointed and chaotic. Although one senses a freedom of language in them, it is a freedom without effect. The poems have no beginning or end; they are all the middle, and all the same poem.

What is one to make of phrases like "My valise is a period of time against the west window," or "I am your cobblestone; I will save your life"? The poems seem to be happening in a vacuum where "Nothing happens again," where "I talk farther into the dark," and where finally the listener is almost "killed by a feeling of tedium."

What kept my interest piqued was Mr. Burkard's new observations of nature, particularly birds, sky, and water. I liked these images much better than his catalogues of dreams and shadows. "My brother asks blackbirds why their color splats on the water like a boat," while "winter birds dip their beaks at winter windows" and "a crow flies off into lateness." "Old stars hang in a mouth" and "tilted up at the sky — a reflection of a face." "Stone by stone the little rubble leans at the sea" while "daytime boats shift around in the breeze" and "my children stand motionless and unseen in the water."There is something fresh and beautiful in all these images that the poems themselves failed to utilize.

I was told before the reading that people are either infuriated or exhilarated by Michael Burkard's poetry. I was just disappointed.

events

movies

On Campus This Weekend

S. KIRKLAND FILM: *MONTY PYTHON — AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.* Friday 8 and 10 p.m. in KJ, Saturday 8 and 10 p.m. and Sunday 10 p.m. in Science.

COOP FILM: *PAPER CHASE.* Saturday 8 and 10 p.m. in KJ.

WOMEN'S FILM SOCIETY: *TOUT VA BIEN.* Sunday 10 p.m. in KJ.

On Campus This Week

WOMEN'S FILM SOCIETY: *TOUT VA BIEN.* Monday 9 p.m. and Tuesday 9 p.m. in KJ.

FRENCH CLUB FILMS: *ORPHEE* and *LA TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE.* Tuesday 8 p.m. in Science and Wednesday 8 p.m. in KJ.

S. KIRKLAND FILM: *LENNY* Thursday 10 p.m. in KJ.

COOP FILMS: *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* and *NOSFERATU.* Thursday 10 p.m. in Science.

music

CONCERT: Samuel Cristler, Cellist. Monday 8:30 p.m. in the Chapel.

arts page

Mellow Cello

Samuel Cristler, principal cellist of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra since 1976, will perform in concert this Monday, February 25, at 8:30 p.m. in the Chapel. Lois Svard Burge, a young and upcoming pianist will accompany Cristler on selections by Claude Debussy, Elliott Carter, and Johannes Brahms.

The concert is the fourth in a six-part "Music at Hamilton Artist Series" which features nationally-known groups and individuals. The series itself extends into April.

Samuel Cristler began performing as a cellist at the age of fourteen. He pursued advanced musical studies in Cleveland and New York City where his principal teacher was Lynn Harrell. He played a season as principal cellist for the Canadian National Ballet Orchestra and a season with the Phoenix Symphony Orchestra. At 21, he became the youngest member of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, and while there conducted local youth and community orchestras.

Lois Svard Burge is developing a reputation as a concert pianist, teacher, lecturer, and scholar. Recent appearances have included the Mozart Festival in Wurtzburg, Germany, Dartmouth College, University of North Carolina at Greensboro, University of California and the New England Conservatory.

Remaining concerts in the series include American soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson on March 11 and the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra on April 20.

Dancing "Duchess" Reigns

by Susan Stein

Last Thursday night, February 14th, a unique and original production was staged in Minor Theatre. A "Chamber-Ballet-Opera" entitled *The Duchess,* (based on Robert Browning's famous poem "My Last Duchess"), was premiered. It was the result of a collaborative effort of several members of the Hamilton College faculty in co-operation with the Syracuse Society for New Music.

The work was written, composed, choreographed, designed, directed, and produced by: William Rosenfeld, professor of English, Harris Lindenfeld, Assistant professor of Music, Jane Tavalin Schwartz, assistant professor of Dance, William Salzillo, assistant professor of Art, Carol Bellini-Sharp, assistant professor of Theatre and Edwin Barrett, Chairman of the Department of Theatre and Dance, respectively. In my years here there has never been a major original work by resident artists presented on this campus, and one of such theatrical polish and a high artistic caliber at that.

Rosenfeld adapted Browning's poem, which is narrated by an obsessed, demented duke, and centered the action of the play primarily around the daily life and fantasy world of the Duke's coquettish, but innocent young wife. She is the guiless victim of his jealousy, anger and sexual frustration, whom he ultimately, (and not surprisingly) destroys. The character of an old nurse was added, as protectress and constant companion of the waifish duchess.

It is not the plot development which is interesting, (in fact, there is very little and therefore, it was wise to keep the duration of the production under 35 minutes,) but rather Rosenfled's use of language. He is able to evoke haunting images with biting clarity, especially in more graphic passages. I found the character of the nurse however, to be too much the convenient spewer of sage-like wisdom; though she too, had her crystal moments.

Certainly a work which seeks to fuse two different forms of theatrical expression into a single entity, as this one did with ballet and opera, may pose performance problems. There is the danger that one art form may conflict with, or obscure the other. However, this did not turn out to be the case with "The Duchess". The fact that two of the main characters sang, and the other only danced, was one of the productions strong points. As the duchess withdraws more and more into her fantasy world and her doom becomes imminent, her isolation is emphasized by her position as sole dancer. As a creature yearning for sensual fulfillment there is hardly a form of artistic expression more appropriate. The communication through song is more direct and insistent, and therefore much more consistent with the characters of the nurse and especially the duke.

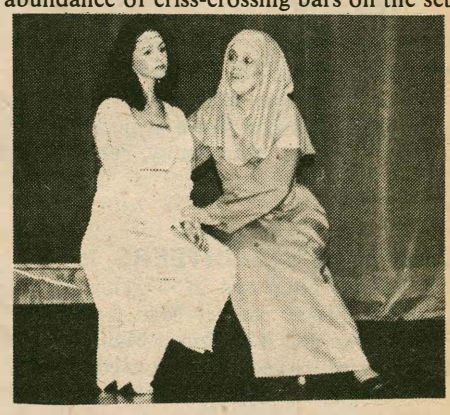
Conveying a story line in musical terms is probably one of the most difficult tasks imaginable, especially when one chooses to employ atonality (a deviation from what "musical" sounds are considered to be) in a more than just an incidental manner. There are tonal references for many emotions; different chords, modes and harmonic progressions can evoke a gamut of feelings from ecstacy to despondancy. Exposure to atonal music, in comparison, is usually minimal, and one tends to generalize about it in broad terms, labeling it "dissonant," "blatant" or perhaps "jarring".

Thus composers today are posed with a serious dilemma even before they begin a work — should they present their ideas in a format immediately accessible to the average listener, i.e. through tonality, or can they employ atonal means and still succeed in retaining their own characteristic stamp and moving an audience?

I think this is what Harris Lindenfeld tried to do, and what I believe he achieved. His atonal sections were not dry and lifeless, and he incorporated enough tonality into the work to avoid emotionally alienating his audience. He also effectively represented the plot in musical terms. In a scene where the duchess comes to the realization that her beauty, which has been conditioned to believe is the sole justification for her existence, will ultimately and has already begun to decay, Lindenfeld performed a fine musical manipulation. He took the motif of an eight note scale, which he had used to represent the Duchess, and harmonically enveloped it with other octatonic scales. The original theme is recognizable, though surrounded by this unnerving harmony.

This scene also provided one of the high points of Jane Schwartz's choreography. She incorporated sudden, coiling and twisted movements into the flowing, balletic movement which the character had previously displayed. Schwartz knew how to use space and how to convey a point clearly and concisely with a minimum of extraneous movement. A hiatus in movement worked as effectively for her as a gesture itself. Though her work wasn't strikingly innovative, it had all the traits of a sensitive choreographer.

Bill Salzillo is obviously a master of design and color. He also achieved maximal effect with minimal clutter in his set and costumes. The main bulk of his set was a structure of interweaving wooden sticks, covered with patches of semi-transparent material. His colors were murky enough to suggest decay, but not so much as to deny the possibility of a former radiance. Light passing through this main structure cast eerie shadows onto the curtain behind it. His avoidance of symetrical lines fit well with the play's overall character. While I liked the set from an aesthetic viewpoint, I disliked the feeling I got that every piece was supposed to convey a symbolic meaning. His melding of bed and grave (via use of a headstone instead of a headrest on the duchess's bed) was ingeneous, but the abundance of criss-crossing bars on the set



seemed too heavy-handed an analogy of imprisonment.

Junior Lauri Amidon, in the role of the Duchess, not only danced wonderfully, but imbued her character with a sensitivity and vulnerability that increased as her performance progressed. As the tortured and demented Duke, John Davies, a professional singer, was masterful. His acting talent was as commendable as his rich and powerful baritone voice. The Nurse was played by Neva Pilgrim, another professional and widely praised concert artist. As a singer, she was technically awe-inspiring; she handled soaring passages and difficult transitions with ease, and summoned up the incredible amount of vocal energy needed for her role. She seemed, though, to be less comfortable acting. She was often somewhat stiff and musical and dramatic pauses appeared to embarass her. Supporting roles by students and faculty were all admirable (especially Rod Umlas who with a single gesture provided one of the only light moments of the show).

In a work where fantasy, reality, illusion and delusion are all supposed to co-exist, there is the danger that the piece may slip into too enbulous a format that might perplex and/or confuse an audience. I think this was the case with *The Duchess* at times. Another fault was the existence of a synopsis that strove too much to manipulate the viewer's ideas about the "reality-illusion" situation that was taking place on stage. Perhaps Bellini-Sharp could have sharpened the focus of the show a bit, though on the whole, I think she did an excelllent job of keeping the action moving. There was certainly never a dull moment.

No matter what kind of opinion one may ultimately form about a work of this nature, I can only laud any plans to produce more original productions, and encourage students and faculty members to see them. If nothing else, they remind us that professors in the arts do not exist only for our educational edification, but are exciting and creative artists in their own right.

Films on the Hill

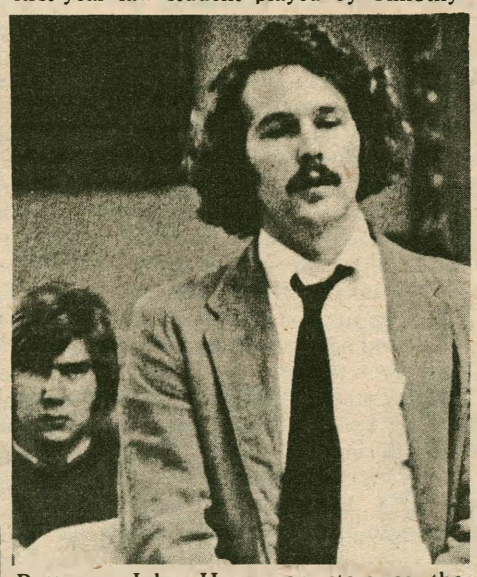
by Ben Webber

This weekend's offerings prove once again the diverse interests of the various film societies on campus. Not only are the movies entirely different in theme, purpose, and effect upon the audience, but they are all products of different nations, with one from England, another from the United States, and the third from France.

The Samuel Kirkland Film Society is definitely not sticking their financial neck out by bringing *And Now for Something Completely Different* to the Hill. *Monty Python's Flying Circus* is one of the most popular television programs of our age, and this film consists of some of the best material from these shows. None of it is new, but it has been completely redone so that it seems as though it is first-run. "The Twit Race", "How to Defend Yourself against Fresh Fruit", "How Not to be Seen", "Nudge Nudge", "A Man with Three Buttocks", and the infamous dead parrott sketch can all be seen in this movie.

Although this film does not have an original plot as the *Life of Brian* and the *Holy Grail* did, it does, as mentioned, contain the best material from the TV show. It is quite exemplary of British humor and is worth anyone's time who wants a break from houseparties this weekend.

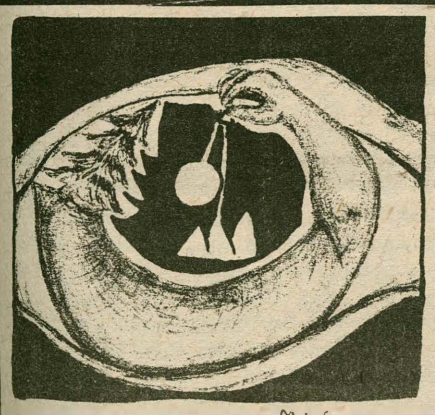
The Coop Film Society does us all a favor by bringing up *The Paper Chase.* This film examines the academic arena of Harvard Law School in an amusing, but often poignant, manner. It follows the exploits of a first-year law student played by Timothy



Bottoms. John Houseman stars as the film's antagonist, a crusty professor who employs the Socratic method of teaching to an almost cruel extent. This movie is also enlivened by the presence of Lindsay Wagner who attained dubious fame by playing the Bionic Woman on TV. *The Paper Chase* is a "don't miss" for all you pre-laws!

The Women's Film Society is showing a French production this week entitled *Tout Va Bien* ("All Goes Well"). It is a summary of the last two years of France in an hour and a half. Jane Fonda stars as an American journalist covering a factory strike in France. As could be predicted from Fonda's previous roles (i.e. *China Syndrome* and *The Electric Horseman),* her character becomes radicalized by her experiences. The director of this film, Jean-Luc Goddard, has taken on a difficult task here, trying to entertain the audience while bringing an important social commentary to the foreground of the movie.

In addition to the films presented by the film societies, the French Club is presenting two Cocteau masterpieces: "Orpheus" and "The Testament of Orpheus" as a double feature. The films are free, and they are in French with English sub-titles.



M.S.C.

A conference has been organized for March 21, 1980 to bring together women in the feminist and ecology movements of the region. The conference, called "WOMEN AND LIFE ON EARTH," will take place at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst; it is going to address the immediate problems of the environment and serve as a first step in developing a network for women who want to take action against the growing danger to life in our society. For more information and applications, please contact the Women's Center.

Winter Houseparty Schedule

All parties are $2 admission for independents except as noted. Bring Hamilton College I.D.

Friday, February 22

Psi Upsilon: Beer and Band with *Kentucky Moon*. 3-8 p.m.
Theta Delta Chi: Beer and Tunes. 9 p.m.-whenever. No admission charge but donations accepted.
Chi Psi: Beer and Band with *Pictures*. 9:30-whenever.
Emerson Literary Society: Beer and Band with *The Lines* 11-3 p.m.

Saturday, February 23

Alpha Delta Phi: The First Annual Beach Party. Beach attire required (bathing suits, cutoffs, tee shirts, sneakers, etc.) Tropical punches and beer. 7-? p.m.
Delta Phi: Cocktail Party. 10 p.m.-whenever. Casual attire; $1 admission.
Delta Upsilon: New Wave or No Wave; featuring *Cheap Perfume* in Commons Dining Hall, $3 for non-students.
Sigma Phi: Beer and Tunes. 12 a.m.-dawn.

Sunday, February 24

Delta Kappa Epsilon: Gin and Juice with *Open End*. 2-7 p.m.

JEWISH STUDIES BROWN-BAG LUNCH SEMINAR

Jeff Ross will speak on "The Jews in the Soviet Union: Assimilation or Ethno-nationalism?" on Monday, February 25, in the Faculty Lounge, 2nd floor KJ, at 12 noon. Faculty, students, staff, spouses, etc. invited.

EPISCOPAL LENTEN SERVICES

Episcopal Lenten Eucharist will be held on Thursdays during Lent beginning on Thursday, February 28, at 4:45 p.m. in the Senate Room on the third floor of the Bristol Campus Center. All are welcome.

STUDENT TENURE PANELS

Student tenure panels are now gathering information on two tenure decisions which must be made this year. Any one who has thoughtful views on the professors involved, please communicate them to Dean Rice's office in Kirner-Johnson, where there will be sign-up sheets for each panel.

blurbs

WINTER TERM IN CHINA

There will be an information meeting for students interested in participating in a Winter Term project in the People's Republic of China (January, 1981) on Wednesday, February 27 at 4 p.m. in the K-J Faculty Lounge.

CAMPAIGN VOLUNTEERS

Anyone interested in working for Presidential candidate John Anderson please contact Matt Levine or Jim Bresson at x4182 or through Box 375 B, Campus Mail. Volunteers are needed to work in New Hampshire and Massachussetts. Make a difference.

FOUND

one light-brown and white calico cat looking for a good home. If anyone knows the owner or wants to adopt call Dave at x7177 or Marina at x4321

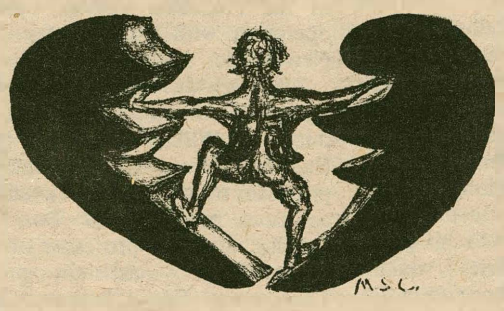
RUGBY

The Rugby Club is back and is looking for a few good men .... and women. No experience necessary to come to practice this week in the Alumni Gym; 6:15-8; MWR for women, T for men.

Impressions of an Idiot ——— *Marvin the Torch*

I am Jim's Heart

I am located in Jim's chest lying beneath his breastbone. I rest upon the moon-shaped diaphragm below, and between the right and left lungs, which partially enclose my right side. I have a truncated conical shape, somewhat bulging on the end like a woman's hips. My tip lies to the left of the breastbone, pointing toward the front of the chest. I am about the size of a clenched fist and weigh slightly more than half a pound.



I am a powerful muscular organ, which pumps blood through a system of chambers and valves into a distributing network known as the circulatory system.

Jim is a twenty-one year old college senior and in good health; he drinks in moderation and does not smoke at all. Jim is also a good athlete and works had to keep his body in good physical condition. He eats right and always gets enough sleep (well, most of the time). Ostensibly, you might think that Jim is taking good care of me, but he is not.

Jim has a terrible habit — he falls in love. This puts a great deal of strain on me and many times I am forced to beat 110 times a minute (70 is the average), which is no easy task. When Cupid wounds me the consequences are awful. Jim's entire body is affected: his eyes don't function properly, his appetite dwindles to almost nothing, he can't sleep nights, and he develops a horrible ache in his stomach. I remember once, when Jim was in high school, Cupid wounded me and Jim got sick for a blonde gymnast; he took up trampoline and started hanging up pictures of Cathy Rigby in his bedroom. Another time Jim fell in love with a girl from Skidmore College and he immediately took up T'ai Chi and began to read poetry written by Lao Tze.

But for me the worst part comes when Cupid's arrows are withdrawn. I begin to break apart. Jim too is affected; he neglects his school work and moans a lot. He insists he wants to die (but I don't let him — after all, no one has ever died of a broken heart), he doesn't shave, and he rarely changes his clothes. The ache in Jim's stomach becomes intolerable. Why, just last winter Cupid struck me ill in Edinborough, Scotland and Jim fell in love with a beautiful English girl named Rosalind. Jim and Rosalind had a torrid love affair forabout four weeks, and then it was time for Jim and I to return to the States. Jim never saw Rosalind again. Cupid tore his arrows from my flesh and Jim got sick. Never again did Jim speak of Rosalind or of Scotland, except when I reminded him, and when I did Jim would tear his hair and become melancholy, talking to no one. It took a long time for me to recover from these wounds (and Jim to forget Rosalind). Time heals all my wounds, but Cupid's scars remain behind — for all to see.

Higher Education

by Adam Beckerman

During the fall of my kindergarten year, I was tortured by an older woman. Her name was Jamie, and at five and a half she was older than me by some six months. Having accumulated a ten percent advantage in life experience, she possessed the wisdom and knowledge necessary to understand the most effective means of torment. Since she was no more than three feet tall and barely reached my chest while standing in her Mary Janes, this age differential, for her, was a good thing, and something for which I always secretly blamed my parents.

Jamie and I shared adjoining desks in the middle of the classroom. She kept her belongings in meticulous order; her crayons, erasers, paper and glue were all assigned positions inside the desk so that no one object could interact with any other. Her stacks of paper never had crayon smudges that looked like wilted flowers, nor did her scissors ever get stuck from globs of rubber cement. My desk, like those of all the other boys (except for Peter Pitts', who ate chocolate covered ants and kept his change in a rubber purse) was messy. There was one possession that received special attention, however, and that was a clear plastic ruler my father had given me. Longer than all the other rulers in class, mine has lots of lines and symbols and notations that I didn't understand, but that somehow helped in the makings of my drawings of trees and other things. Whenever I was through with the ruler I would fit it against the inside wall of my desk so it couldn't mingle with the glue and crayons like my scissors and pads did.

The trouble began when Jamie took my ruler. While lying on our blankets during rest period one day, she began to pull something from the inside of her shirt. Peter Pitts' plunking his money in his purse caught my attention and I turned towards him. I then received a vicious pinch on the forearm, and turned to Jamie, who, knowing that timing is everything, waited a moment for me to register in my mind what she held in her hand before demanding of me the following:

"Buy me a ring."

At five you are either attracted to material values or you share your crayons. You do not question the motives of your behavior; you rarely examine whether or not your actions are consistent with your governing philosophy. The moment Jamie began to bend the ruler I agreed to get her the ring. As she continued to bend then she decided she would keep the ruler until she got her gift.

Slightly disheartened, but intent upon recovering my property, I voluntered to go with mom that afternoon to the supermarket. While she paid for her bundles I slipped twenty-five cents into a machine and a ring rolled out. The next morning I offered the ring to Jamie's stubby fingers and asked for my ruler. Silly me. She had left it at home. I made a lunge for her desk, but she cut short the effort by pinching my wrist and threatening to not let go until I promised to but her a bracelet. I called her names (i.e. fink and doodybomb) but she shrugged them off and explained it would be my loss if she didn't get the bracelet. I said I was sorry, and the next day tossed at her stubby hands a bracelet made of plastic and string. She shrugged off the ransom as she had the insults.

"I want a gold one and I want it tomorrow."

I was devestated.

"Women," said Peter Pitts.

As drawing period came and went, my need for, and fear that some harm had come to my ruler increased by geometric proportions. That afternoon mom didn't go to town, and after searching my sister jewelry box I realized that there were no gold bracelets to be had. I panicked — until my father came home and presented me with a rubber-band powered airplane.

A friend of mine tells me that when younger she would share her chocolate pudding with anyone who happened to be near.

Not that she was particularly generous, but that she needed everyone to know how delicious her pudding really was, and how lucky she was to be the principal eater of it. My joy the moment I received my new toy stemmed from my image of myself standing on the highest step of the concrete sandbox, launching the plane to a few select classmates who would take the orderly turns as catchers and flyers and then return to the end of the line. The next morning, as I controlled traffic from the top step, Jamie, not to my surprise found herself in the middle of the line. She awaited with her mouth tightened and eyes slanted. She smoothed her hair a lot, also. I believe she believed that when her turn came I would slip the gold bracelet around her wrist and then she and I would fly off together on the wings of the plane, with her at the throttle.

All I need tell is that fortunately, things did not go as Jamie must have figuered they would. On her first attempt to catch the humming plane she tripped just as it was settling against thjose fat fingers aof hers and crashed against a see-saw. Spunky as she was, she got up and demanded another turn. Pushing poor Peter Pitts aside, she wiped off her bleeding knees and readied herself at the head of the line. Her luck was no better the second time. As she chased the

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Watts New at the Pub

The *Current* Situation

by Rick Parrott

It was early Feburary, dreary and chilly, with awesome winds buffeting about the brave wanderers of the night who tramped about in the desolate cold wastes.

A pretty average night for Hamilton students, actually.

As I entered the teeming environs of that quaint little drinking establishment under Commons Dining Hall, I was in search of nothing more than several large "Matts," some lively conversation, thrills, chills and the usual excitement that makes the Pub go 'round.

I strolled over to the jukebox machine and casually inserted my quarter into the slot, and received a shocking jolt, not from the exciting tunes of Blondie, the Stones, Knack, etc. but quite literally from a strong surge of electrical current which went through my limbs.

After retrieving my quarter which had dropped to the floor to the amusement of several onlookers, I went up to one of the bartenders and asked him about the perils of the jukebox.

"Oh yeah, once in a while people tell us there's something wrong," he said "but no one's ever really complained."

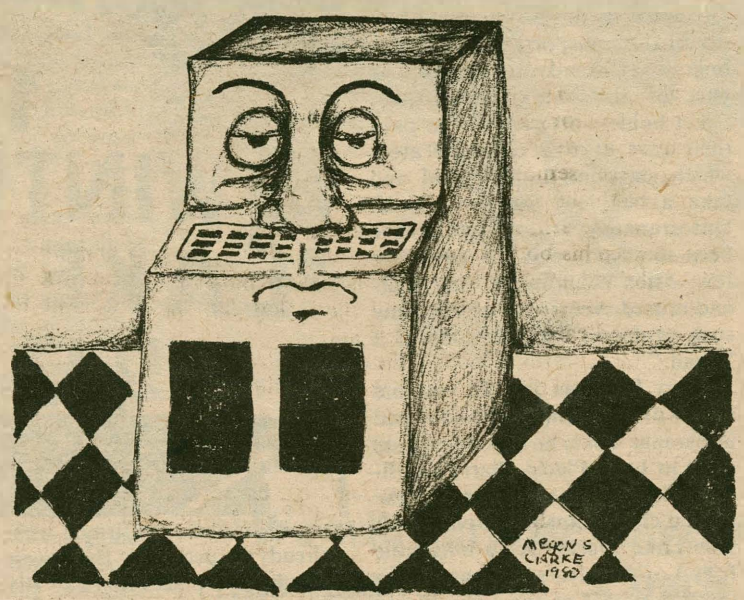
Well, we've all been told about the apathy problem around here, right? People talk, but never take action and *do something,* true? Can I, an average Hamilton student finally put my money where my mouth is and try to effect a change? Even for something as relatively minor as fixing a jukebox?

The next day found me standing in the Student Affairs office annoying Dean R. Gordon Bingham's secretary as is my wont to do occasionally when I come traipsing in with a request to see "the Boss," for yet another Spectator article.

At the time, "the Boss" was not in and the day went doubly for naught when I was informed that the direct responsibility for the running of the Pub is that of none other than the ARA Services people, specifically Mr. Ralph Lembo.

Tucked away in the cavernous basement recesses of McEwen, the ARA staff oversees the the feeding (and imbibing) of the student populace of Hamilton. It seems incongruous that people representing a company who made $6,000,000,000 in total revenues and netted $16 million in profit occupy such a tiny office (three people crammed into a space fit for one person, really) but such are the ways of efficiency (and overcrowding).

Lembo was busy on the phone as I entered the room, so I contented myself with reading several "Peanuts" cartoons adorning the walls. Snoopy was saying something to Woodstock when my attention was diverted from the wall to Lembo who indicated he was ready to see me.



Lembo said that he had not been made aware of the problem before but that he would attend to it immediately.

"If anything's faulty, it definitely should be fixed," he stated, and further explained the process of getting the thing back in order. "I'll take the complaint to the Physical Plant and ask them to identify the problem," he said, stating flatly that if the machine can't be fixed "we'll take it out of commission."The Tally Vending Co. might then be consulted as to the possibility of getting a new machine, he related.

What do the students to in the meantime if the problem persists?, I asked.

"They'll just have to unplug the machine if it gets really bad," replied Lembo. "I'm sure students would rather have this than have the place closed down."

Now, I think I have an average dose of cynicism for a student of the late 70's and early 80's so needless to say I was pleasantly surprised by Lembo's willingness to cooperate, although this was still a fairly minor matter.

Indeed, as Lembo himself suggested "the problem should be simple to solve, but being made aware of it is a problem in itself." Lembo asked that any time a problem occurs that the students not talk about it but take action and contact him or the Student Services Committee.

Right now there seems a pressing issue at hand in the form of whether or not the Pub/Hub will receive an appropriation of $50,000. Lembo seemed to favor the idea suggesting that "until some long-term finalization is realized, they (Bingham and the Pub Committee) would like to make some short term improvements." But he admitted "this appropriation hasn't happened yet."

I came from this short conversation inspired, yet still nagged by certain questions about why this problem had not been addressed sooner. Recently I spoke to Ed Taylor, student manager of the Pub, and some of the bartenders who work there night-in and night-out.

The bartenders are caught in the middle of very trying circumstances, working under very adverse conditions. The fact that the jukebox was electrocuting people came as no big surprise to them.

"It doesn't happen all that frequently," said one, "but whenever the floor's wet, you get shocked; it's that simple." (a fact apparent even to those of us who didn't pay much attention in third-grade science classes.)

I suggested that the problem was perhaps more of a nuisance than anything really serious, to which one of them responded, "Well I don't know that, I've seen quite a few people jump when they touch it."

More serious problems bother them than a mere jukebox. "If there were ever a fire here with 200 people or so, there'd be an incredible trampling," reflected one of the workers, , who also noted that the slippery floor is a hazard as well.

Another worker noted that the Pub telephone has been broken for the past year and a half. "If we had an accident in here," related one, no one could call out for help." "I've mentioned some of these problems to Ed (Student Manager) and the Student Services Committee," he continued, but noted that "when it comes to small scale changes things are just realy lackadaisical around here."

There's very little bartenders can do except make suggestions to the management, the Services Committee, and Dean Bingham. Commented barkeep Greg Doyle, "I've worked here for two years now and I'll say this, no serious safety hazards have appeared, but if they did some people wouldn't make it out of here, and maybe that's the only way things would change."

Just as I left the bar area after my conversation with the Pub workers, a woman came up to us and said "Excuse me but I'd like to say that right now the pinball machine isn't working either." Well, at least the floor wasn't wet.

A jukebox that electrocutes you, a frequently over-crowded room, slippery floors, no pinball. What cruel fate next awaits our brave Hamilton dinizens? Ed Taylor, student Pub manager, believes the only thing students can do right now is wait. I stalked Taylor and finally tracked him down late Wednesday night (or early Thursday morning by a different reckoning), just as he was about to go to sleep. He was clearly tired, but was gracious enough to speak on Pub matters.

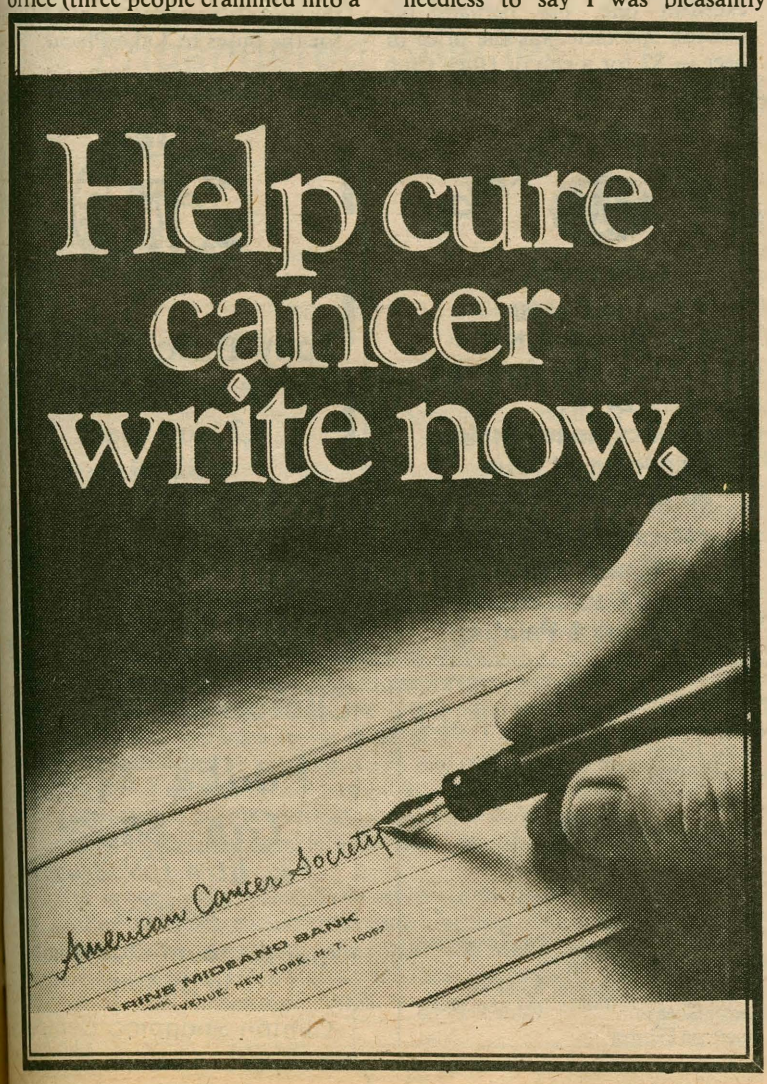
Taylor gave me an update on what was happening with the jukebox. "I've called the Physical Plant and Tally Vending to see about the problem," he expalined. Neither organization seems to have quite figured out what's wrong, yet, said Taylor. "Either the wiring isn't grounded or it's the water which is creating the problem," he related.

I related to him the $50,000 Lembo mentioned which might possibly be used to make short term changes and improvements. Taylor believed the money could be put to better purpose than by simply using it to repair the Pub. He maintains the position that $50,000 it too little to make any significant changes in overall Pub size and that it's far too big a sum to be wasted on minimal improvements ($50,000 of what? Extra Handi-Wipes and Lysol?)

Taylor said profits made from the Pub's operation could be put into the improvements quite adequately. A job of sandpapering and revarnishing the walls would cost only $2,000, or so.

In the end, Taylor questions the rationale behind putting any truly large sum of money into the place if a new student social center may be in the offering three to five years hence. In the meantime, Pub managers and concerned students can continue to make short term suggestions to the Student Services Committee and the Dean's office, as well as the Pub Committee and the trustees, Taylor notes.

The floor's been pretty dry at the Pub lately and in the future it appears something will be done about this small matter of the jukebox. Of the crowds, the slippery conditions, the phone? The Pub is in a mysterious state of limbo with no one really liking the place too terribly well, but no one making too many complaints or suggestions abou the Pub's potential for improvement. There seem to be sympathetic ears among the administration, but as Lembo suggests there's a peculiar problem of not making the right people aware of what goes on. As I said, the Pub floor is dry of late, action has been promised on the jukebox. But wait until a night when the place is soaked. Step up to the jukebox, put in a quarter, and see what happens. If you receive a sharp charge of electricity and it's not because of the exciting quality of your tunes, be aware that there may be a few people who are interested in hearing what you have to say.



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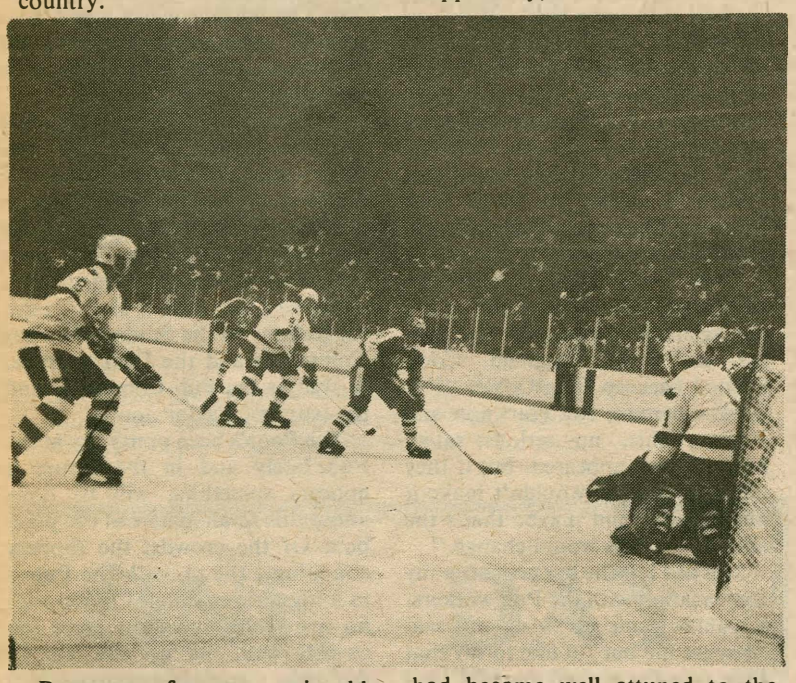
A Guide to Lake Placid

by Rich Bernstein and Ivan Kline

Surely everyone, except the zealous pre-med student, is well aware that the 1980 Winter Olympic Games are being held just four hours away from Hamilton, in once-quiet Lake Placid, New York. Reports of long lines, outrageous prices, and mass confusion have dominated media coverage of the Games, yet devoted sports fans and tourists have not been deterred. Our hopes of attending the 1980 Winter Olympics began three years ago when, as freshmen, we learned where the Games would be held. Last weekend, our dreams became reality as we and three other Hamilton students joined the hoards of idiots in the north country.



Prospects for an enjoyable weekend were enhanced greatly by the fact that one of our companions, Carolyn Day, owned a house only 10 miles away from Lake Placid, thus, accomodations would not be a problem. Her house, however, lay within the area of the first checkpoint set up by the State Police. The checkpoint was one of several set up to keep non-residents and non-ticket holders away from the Lake Placid area; we had neither tickets nor Carolyn's proof of residency.

Our dilemma of how to get through the seemingly impregnable security of the New York State Police was solved rather ironically. While amidst an agitated political deabte in the car, we noticed an agitated State Trooper following us; apparently, our political debate on the 80's had caused us to drive in the 70's. The stop was a mixed blessing: the courteous trooper presented us with a $25 fine, three points for the license, and, a means to avoid the roadblock. One extra turn on a back road took us into Saranac Lake, no questions asked.

Saranac Lake is a fiarly large Adirondack village, lying on Lake Flower rather than on Saranac Lake itself. The presence of parking lots where buildings once were and of a ridiculously large welcome sign in a Grand Union window were the most obvious indications of the Olympics. However, a night stop at a local watering hole unveiled further influences of the Olympics. Apparently, Saranac Lake residents had become well attuned to the workings of American Capitalism.

Upon entering a bar called the Great American Garage Sale (or "GAGS" to the locals), we were greeted by a bouncer who wanted $2 for admission, and by a salesman who wanted $7 for a T-shirt (One could have choice of color, design, and style). The bar usually did not charge admission, and even the most colorful and stylish T-shirt was not worth $7.

"GAGS" had a rather interesting atmosphere — a converted railway station featuring Marshall tucker-type music with mirror balls and strobe lights. Despite the sign in the Grand Union which welcomed the world, there were few worldly travellers inside GAGS. In fact, the bartender informed us that crowds were actually smaller than usual and that most bars and restaurants in Saranac Lake were not profiting from the Olympics. We soon came to realize that many Saranac Lake and Lake Placid residents were not at all excited by the Games.

The major problem with the Olympics, so far, has been the failure of the transportation system to operate efficiently, or at all. As part of the checkpoint system, ticket holders are required to park their cars at one of three areas which surround Lake Placid and take a bus into the town itself. Unfortunately, the spectators have been too many and the buses too few, often resulting in long waits and missed events. We avoided any such problems with the help of a "local."

Barry Sageman is a 20 year old native of the area; born and raised in Saranac Lake, he now owns a ski shop in Lake Placid. Barry's business allowed him to go through the second checkpoint and drive his car into Lake Placid. As a long time friend of Carolyn's, he was willing to drop us off at the Lake Placid ticket office, and thus, we avoided any transportation problems in getting to our event.

We expected Barry, as a sports fan and a businessman, to be excited about having the Olympic Games in Lake Placid, yet this was not the case. Barry did not appreciate the influx of outsiders, and especially did not like individuals who have been in the area for less than a year and now considered themselves to be locals. Not surprisingly, as we talked to Barry, he was watching Syracuse defeat St. John's rather than Olympic event on the next channel. He felt that his business and most others in Lake Placid were not benefiting from the Olympics because of the driving restrictions. People worrying about or waiting for buses tend not to shop for anything except warmth.

After Barry dropped us off and we picked up our tickets, we roamed the area looking for an affordable hamburger. The main street, closed to all traffic, resembled a carnival, much like Ft. Lauderdale at Spring Break, with frost bite replacing sun burn as the major worry. Our first attempt at dinner was at Ruth's Diner, a place which loked no better than it sounded. Much to our Chagrin, Ruth was asking $5.95 for just a Hot Turkey Sandwhich. We left quickly, much to Ruth's dismay.

At this point we turned to a Lake Placid Police Sergeant for dining directions. The officer, who seemed rather apprehensive about having thousands of strangers invade his

small paradise, confirmed what we already suspected — there were no inexpensive places in Lake Placid. The Sergeant felt that the outrageous prices in restaurants and other stores were the real cause of the shortage of customers, and he had little sympathy for those businessmen who complained. His only suggestion was the "Burgermeister" one block away.

The "Burgermeister," an attempt to create an elegant looking chateau, has two stories. At first, we went upstairs to the dining room as it did not seem at all crowded; one look at the $21 price for veal parmesana, however, sent us scurrying to the basement. There, hamburgers were available for a comparatively modest $2.10 (and coffee could be had for only $.65 a cup); we had finaly found our hamburger, but at a higher cost than we had expected.

A short time later, we entered the Olympic Arena for the one and only event we had tickets for — the 8:30 p.m. hockey game between Finland and Canada. The 6,000 or so Canadian fans present in the just-completed fieldhouse cheered for their team vociferously with chants of "Go Canada go," but in the end the four or five Finnish fans could be happy because their heroes triumphed 4-3. The game was an excellent one, but perhaps the greatest spectacle was the price of beer — $2 for a cup of Utica Club (Must have been imported.). Our low budget and expensive hamburgers mandated sobriety.

At the game's end, we prepared ourselves for the long, cold wait which lay ahead for the buses. Three separate lines were formed on the street by the ever-present State Troopers (for the three parking lots), and each line quickly stretched out for blocks. Luckily, there were several entertainers on our line. A few moronic children started their own Olympic competition of diving down a snow covered hill; the frost bitten, sadistic crowd cheered them on. Right behind us, a friendly gentleman from Massena, New York told stories as he took shots of gin, scotch, and schnapps from a rather elaborate and well stocked hip flask. He offered everyone near him a "cocktail," and was soon dubbed "The Bartender."

After 45 minutes, we dragged our frozen limbs on to a surprisingly comfortable bus. "The Bartender" took the front seat, and, much to the dismay of many weary riders, began a chorus of "Frere Jacques." The five of us, of course, quickly joined in, and soon led our own songs until the "Bartender" passed out.

We finally arrived home at 1 a.m., and had just enough energy to eat, drink, and make our way to bed. We took our time leaving on Sunday, indulging in a steak and eggs brunch. The temperature had dropped considerably, and as we drove out of Saranac Lake that afternoon, we felt truly sorry for the suckers shivering in line waiting for the buses to Lake Placid.

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A.H. Snyder

I Never Liked Women's Sports

I never liked women's sports. I have a male ego that never permitted me to allow women into my domain. Sure, others could go ahead and allow women into my domain. Sure, others could go ahead and pass all kinds of rules and legislation, and give all the girls as many scholarships as the guys, and let pony tails into little leagues; I didn't have to accept all that. No one could ever pass legislation telling me who to watch and who not to. That's what is nice about being a spectator. I have to try and throw my male chauvinist tendancies aside when I go to watch the girls' basketball team here Hamilton, because they are fun.

You know, it all reminds me of men's freshman high school basketball. You go into a gym that is never completely full and a team play with less grace than Jim Naismith might have intended. But those rough edges are what make the watching so much fun. There is something very satisfying about seeing a group of women working their asses off without the benefit of large crowds to impress, or great media coverage to spread the word of their accomplishment. I'm sure all advocates of women's basketball look forward to the day when this is no longer the case, when the stands are full and the newspaper reporters are present. But if that day comes, and the girls start filling the field house, some of the fun might go the route of empty seats. Right now the girls are there for themselves, and for their teammates, and for the enjoyment of playing. That is what I like watching. If I wanted to see a more perfect form of basketball I would go and watch the men's varsity. That is why their stands are full most every game, and why the girls play in front of less than capacity crowds. I can't help but enjoy watchig the girls because of their enthusiasm, in spite of the numerous travelling calls, missed lay-ups and defensive lapses. When these mistakes stop, maybe the crowds will come. And when the crowds come, maybe something will change, something that I like.

"We will surprise some people this year" Coach Zawacki

When I got myself to throw aside my old notions and watch the women's game against second-ranked RPI, I couldn't help but notice that we actually have a very good team here. I saw some excellent displays of basketball finnesse. Julie Chanatry got the ball low in the lane, spun on the defensive player, getting herself between the defender and the basket, and laid the ball in. She used body position that a lot of men still haven't mastered. Kathy Corsi took a couple of outside shots that I couldn't have made, and I was a pretty good outside shooter in high school. (The only problem was that we played all of games inside.) Marra Harris is quicker than Dean Bingham's punitive actions against the DKE house. Mary Sheehan and Jan McTiernan are both tough inside, and they have fine shooting touches. Kim Swank steals more in a game than I do down at the Clinton Victory Market, and every time she comes into the game, something happens. Amy Buckalter looks as good as a guy when she dribbles the ball, even though someone is going to say this is a male chauvinist statement. I don't realize when I make them, I'm just used to having people tell me when I do. But the players fit into their roles. They all cheer for each other, they never quit, they all win together. And they all forget to dribble now and then. Those damn rough edges.

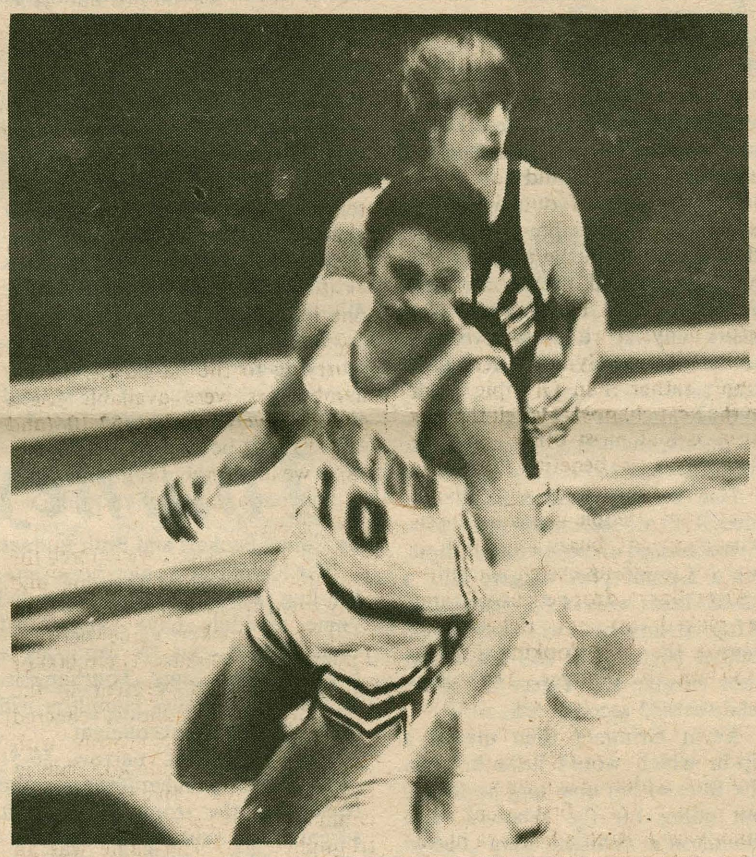
Sue Zawacki treats her players well, and she is turning them into one of the better Division III women's teams in the state. They are turning her into one of the better coaches. And they all are turning guys like me into fans.

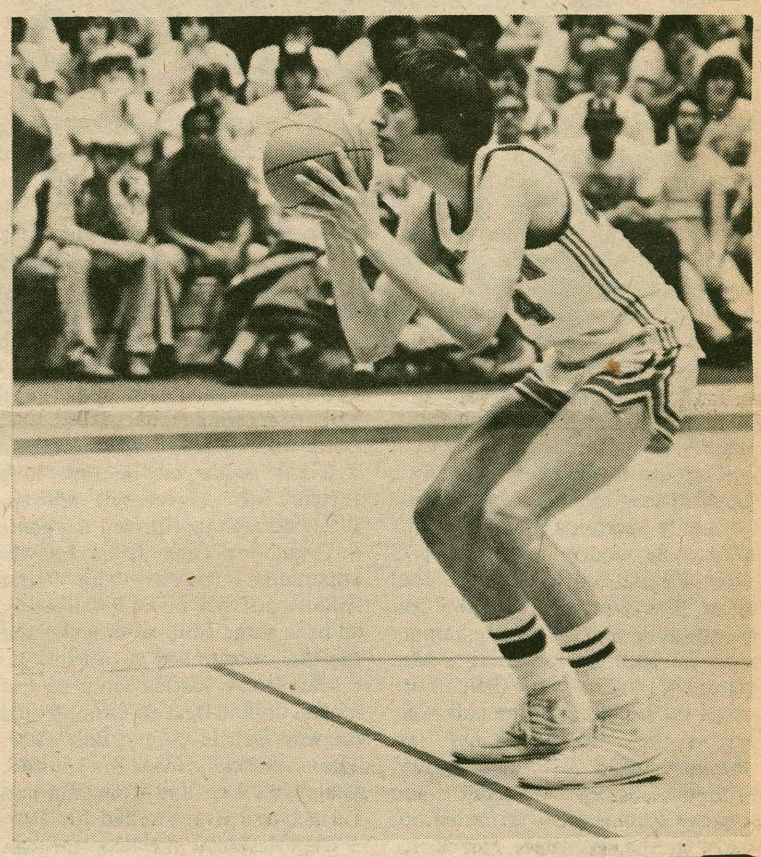
cont.

Against Binghamton, a team who entered with 14-15 record, the Blue got off to a slow start and led only 4-2 with about 13 minutes left in the first half. Hamilton then put on a clinic as the outscored Binghamton 17-4 to take a 15-point lead, a lead they held three times during the half, and the Blue led 35-22 at the half.

Things were different in the second half. Led by the hot shooting of Kevin Zeisiz and Charles Heins who tallied 14 and 13 points respectively for the game, and capitalizing on some Hamilton mistakes, Binghamton slowly creeped back into the game and cut the Hamilton lead to 49-48 with about 10 minutes left. Kevin Grimmer then took over, the Blue's top scorer notched 10 points down the stretch and paced the Blue to a 66-58 win.

Grimmer paced a balanced Hamilton attack with 22 points. Evans added 11 and Robinson and Tim Hale had 10 each.





Endangered Species

The Student Athlete

by Hugh Vickery

The 1970's were a strange sight for the athlete. He saw what a media-crazed society can do to something as refreshingly beautiful as human athletic competition. He saw football replace religion as America's favorite Sunday passtime and an orgy of commericalism called the Super Bowl evolve into nothing short of a religious ritual in itself. He saw the Olympics become a playground for political terrorism and later a pawn in the diplomatic war of the world's two greatest powers. He saw college football coaches refer to "signing" new recruits. He saw Bruce Jenner eat Wheaties on television. He saw the Philadelphia Flyers turn a sport into a brawl and win the Stanley Cup. He saw Ilie Nastase throw his racket and spit at linesmen. He saw cheerleading squads from professional football teams engage in activities designed to show them in bikinis — all in the name of sport. He saw Michigan State, Oklahoma, and a host of other educational institutions placed on probation by the NCAA for illegal recruiting. He saw a millionaire buy a world championship team player by player only to find them continually brawling with themselves and their manager. And in light of all this, he saw himself pulled off the playing field, placed on a plastic pedestal, showered with phony accolades, and finally dumped into the trash can of forgotten glory.

The saddest sight for me as an athlete in the 1970's was the gradual disappearence of the student-athlete. The term "student-athlete" is meant to refer to a person who is enrolled in an educational institution and also participates in athletics at that institution. When I refer to the disappearence of the student-athlete, I do not mean that there are no longer students who compete in sports for their schools. I mean that the proper relationship between the student and the athlete has been distorted. Ideally, a student-athlete is neither fully a student nor fully an athlete, rather he balances not to say that it won't in the future. The taste of success in an athletic program frequently creates the atmosphere whereby big time athletics can invade the campus. Victory no longer is merely appreciated, it is expected. A victorious team is worshipped. The clamor for more and more victories leads to the educational goals of athletics being forgotten and the final score being elevated above all else.

Perhaps I am too much of a romantic, but the beauty of the athlete striving at his sport in the early morning air, far from the confusion of the crowd, alone with his thoughts and his body, strikes a harmonious chord within me. This is the athlete who needs no awards or standing ovations because his rewards come from within. He is the athlete who attends schools such as Hamilton because these schools believe that athletics is an educational experience to be enjoyed by even those who lose games and races on occasion. He is the athlete who sees a balance between athletics and academics in his education. He is the athlete whose existence is being threatened by the victory-crazed mob.

In my four years at Hamilton, I feel that I have been a student-athlete. My experiences in sport have contributed to my education. To be sure, I will never make the Olympic team, but I believe that I have reached out to the limits of my physical ability and achieved what I can achieve. The things I have learned through athletics I could never have learned in the classroom — they will stay with me my entire life.

Fortunately, Hamilton has not yet gone the way of the Union hockey team in bringing in big time athletics. This is the two to make his educational experience broader. Unfortunately, one look at a major college athletic team is enough to show that to most Division I athletes, Plato might well have played quarterback for the 1962 Cardinals. In every sport from baseball to track, Division I schools dole out scholarships to secure winning teams and most frequently don't concern themselves with the education of their athletes. When there is big money to be made as there is in big-time college athletics, who is going to care if Joe Student can't spell "Mississippi" so long as he can hit a reciever at full stride from fifty yards.

The situation wouldn't be so horrifying if it were limited to big college sports. At least then one could argue that the true student-athlete still exists at Division II and III schools. Unfortunately, this is less and less the case. College adiminstrators and faculty members have gotten the idea that having winning athletic teams is not only fun, but it is necessary to the reputation and financial status of the college. Big time athletics has invaded the little college and stripped the student-athlete not only of his title but frequently of his place on the team. After all, how many legitimate Division III athletes could have stood a chance of making the 1976 Union hockey team? Even with schools like Hamilton, it appears that winning athletic teams are becoming more and more the result of recruiting and less the result of good coaching.

Spectator Sports

Icemen Beat Eph's at Home

by Paul Pillmore

The Hamilton hockey team started off their four game homestand with a very satisfying win over the "purple preppies" of Williams College. Williams was cocky as they took the ice thinking the Continentals would be a pushover. Williams had beaten the Conts earlier in the year 9-7. But the Conts responded with a 7-5 win to hopefully knock the Ephmen out of a play-off berth.

Hamilton turned in its best performance in several games as they played an excellent two-way game, which was marked by very close checking in the first two periods. The third period was a different story as both teams began to play end to end hockey. Hamilton finally went ahead to stay as Kyle McCallum and Tim Graves combined to set up Rick Thompson with a nice pass that he quickly fired past the Williams goalie.

Williams added a sixth skater as they pulled their goalie to try and tie the score but Hamilton's Fred Caswell closed the door. Jim Wall picked up the loose puck and fired into the empty Williams net to ice the win.

Williams opened the scoring, but Hamilton roared back to tie the game as Thompson scored with assists going to Dave Lahey and Graves. Williams scored to make it 2-1, however, Carl Nasto sent the teams into the second period tied as he scored a power play goal with Steve Carmen and Thompson assisting.

Williams opened the scoring in the second period, but again the Conts tied the score as Graves scored a picture-perfect goal with Carmen and Jim Pollen assisting. The second period ended 3-3, however, the Continentals captured the momentum which they would carry into the third period. Forty-five seconds into the third period Wall made a super individual effort to put Hamilton in the lead for the first time. Williams failed to give up as they tied the score again at four all. Hamilton soon went ahead again as tenacious forechecking by Mike Denk and Wall enabled Carmen to pick up a goal. The Ephmen tied the score for the last time at 5-5 before Hamilton took control of the game and defeated the Ephmen.

□□□

Last Saturday Hamilton suffered an embarrassing 4-3 loss to Wesleyan University. This marked the first time a Hamilton hockey team has lost to this Division III school.

The winning goal came with fourteen seconds left to play in the game on a power play shot that whistled through a maze of players to beat a completely screened Brad Benson. Hamilton nearly tied the game by removing Benson so that the Conts could have six skaters. The puck quickly entered Wesleyan's end but Mike Denk's desperation shot was blocked by a Wesleyan defenseman.

Hamilton built up a three goal advantage on two goals by Denk and one by Wall before Wesleyan lit the lamp with four straight goals to squeak out the victory

Hamilton had trouble establishing a momentum as they were hit consistently with penalties. One call by the officials in the third period sent Peter Smith into the locker room for the remainder of the game. Smith was hit with a major penalty for fighting which also carried a one game suspension, as a result his services were lost for the Williams game.

Hamilton has its toughest games of the season this weekend as they play host to top-ranked Colby and Bowdoin Colleges Friday at 7 p.m. and Saturday 4 p.m.t. respectively.

□□□

Ice Chips .... Carmen's four assists against Williams gives him the team lead in scoring with 38 points .... Wall follows with 34 and then Denk with 33 .... Smith will return for the Colby game .... Delirious Williams' players believed that the clock was not working correctly — it must have been the bus ride .... The ice man, Dan Smales, turned in another excellent performance with mirror smooth ice .... Next Tuesday marks Fred Caswell's and Mark O'Keefe's final appearances in a Continental hockey uniform.

THOMPSON SCORES AGAIN

Conts Drop Two

by Lee Berner

It was a disappointing week for the Hamilton Continentals. After defeating Binghamton 66-58 on Saturday to run their latest winning streak to four games, the Blue dropped a pair of close games, both to tough teams. RIT handed the Blue a 56-52 loss in the Field House on Monday and Division I Colgate topped the Blue on a last second shot in overtime, 82-81, on Wednesday.

The loss to Colgate was truly a heartbreaker as Eric Jones scored with only 3 seconds left to down the Blue. The Conts led by 3, 81-78 after Frank Garcia hit two foul shots, but Tom Lee brought Colgate within one on a long jumper with 23 seconds left in the extra period. Trying to work the ball upcourt the Blue turned the ball over, setting the stage for Jones' last second heroics. The Blue played without Kevin Grimmer and Charles Robinson, who fouled out early in the overtime, and Bruce Weir, who fouled out in regulation time containing Mike Ferrara, one of the top scorers in Division I, who finished with 30 points.

The game featured a strong comeback by the Blue who trailed by 10, 56-46, midway through the second half. Eight straight points, six by Weir, brought the Blue back and they eventually took the lead, 64-63, on a basket by Ron Evans with 2:42 left. Baskets by Grimmer and Robinson twice put the Blue up by three, but a pair of 20-footers by Ferrara brought Colgate back, and Robinson missed one of two foul shots with 28 seconds left, Ferrara tied the game on another long jumper with 13 seconds left the Blue had a chance to win the game in regulation time as Evans was apparently fouled with four seconds left but no call was made, and the game finished in a tie, and the Blue succumbed in overtime.

Hamilton's scoring featured five men in double figures. Grimmer led the way with 18 points; Bob Kiely, who was deadly from the outside, added 16; Weir and Robinson had 12 each and Evans added 10.

On Monday, the Continentals fell victim to RIT's slowdown tactics in an extremely fast-paced, well-played game. RIT, one of the three teams to defeat the Blue last year, refused to attack on offense, and were content to pass the ball until an easy shot developed.

Neither team was able to gain much of an advantage until the Blue took a six-point lead, 43-37, midway through the second half. But a bad shot and a pair of turnovers allowed RIT to even the score. The score was tied for the last time at 47 on a basket by Woody Herman, who led RIT with 17 points, including 7 in a row late in the second half.

Herman hit another basket to give RIT a 49-47 lead, and, after Evans missed one of two foul shots, hit a 3-point play to give RIT a 32-48 lead with 1:53 remaining. After Evans hit two foul shots, Luther Nicholas of RIT hit a four shot to give the Tigers a 3-point lead with 43 seconds left.

Kevin Grimmer then missed a tip-in which would have brought the Blue within one, and he fouled out going for the rebound, and Hamilton's chances were fiished and they fell, 56-52. Grimmer led the way with 18 and Weir added 10.

continued on page 11

Tourney Ahead

by Nancy Sackett and Beth Bullock

The Hamilton women hoopsters, battling through a tough, extended game schedule have capped off their second year by capturing a berth in the State Tournament. Seven teams besides Hamilton will compete in the Tournament.

Last Saturday's narrow 56-51 victory over Binghamton was the decider as the team earned their seventh seed position in the Tournament. Julie Chanatry led the team with 12 points, followed by Amy Buckhalter and Marra Harris with eleven each.

Currently, the team has an 11-4 record after a crushing 95-62 defeat at the hands of LeMoyne, a nationally ranked team. In that game, Sheehan notched 21 points, Chanatry who was right behind her putting in 16. In a decisive home court victory on Monday, Kathy Corsi led the way with 18 points as the women hoopsters beat R.P.I. 60-36.

The first round of the State Tournament takes place tonight as the Hamilton women once again face the women of R.P.I. at Buffalo.

Bluefish Seek Revenge

by Laurence Goldfarb

On Wednesday, February 20th, the Varsity Swimming team completed their regular season by losing to St. Lawrence University 73-42.

"The meet was anticlimatic," commented Hugh Vickery, one of the seniors who had swum in his last meet in the Alumni Pool, "the team is looking toward the States (where they will get another shot at St. Lawrence).

In losing the meet, Norm Lyster set the pool record in the 500 yard freestyle with a time of 4:50. Ed Ptak also set a pool record by amassing 295 points, defeating his closest competitor by a whopping 142 points. Other Hamilton winners included Emmet Reid in the 50 yard freestyle (22.3 seconds) and Lyster in the 1000 yard freestyle (10.04.9).

"St. Lawrence is a top contender for the national championship; we swam well today," MacDonald explained. "Our team is really coming on and we should really give St. Lawrence a run in the State meet (next weekend at R.I.T.)."

Significantly, when Hamilton won the State Championship in 1976 and 1977, they defeated St. Lawrence. "We're right on schedule," MacDonald asserted, "who knows what could happen in the States."

Preceding the St. Lawrence meet, on Saturday, February 16th, the Continentals hosted St. Bonaventure. The meet was close all the way. Lyster's victories in the 1000 yard freestyle and the 500 yard freestyle in 10:28.3 and 4:51.1 respectively combined with Vickery's pool record-setting performance in the 100 freestyle of 48.6 gave Hamilton a slight lead midway through the meet. Additional triumphant performances by Reid in the 50 yard freestyle (22.1), Adam Cowles in the 200 yard individual medley and Ptak in diving put Hamilton ahead 55-42 with two events remaining to be swum.

Yet St. Bonaventure's Don Wismeuski and Ken Williams swept first and second place with times of 2:23.8 and 2:24.6 respectively to make the score 56-50. Only the 400 yard freestyle relay remained. The relay team of Lyster, Vickery, Dave Conn and Reid blew out St. Bonaventure by almost 15 seconds as they cemented a hard fought 63-50 victory.

LAST DRIPS .... The relay team that defeated St Bonaventure, swam almost two seconds faster against St. Lawrence, but was soundly beaten .... Other than Vickery, the other graduating seniors include Steve Adolfi, Clayton Besch, Geoff Imboden and Brendon McCurdy .... In reference to MacDonald's quote last week Vickery firmly stated that this is the best swimming team Hamilton has ever had .... Hamilton ends their regular season with a 6-4 mark.

PTAK SHOWS WINNING FORM